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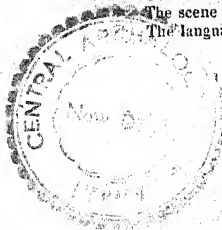
SKETCH-BOOK. A.N.

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BY A LADY.

The poor exile  
Feels, in each action of the varied day,  
His doom of banishment. The very air  
Cools not his ~~breasts~~ in his native land;  
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him;  
The language, nay, the music jars his ears.

WALTER SCOTT.



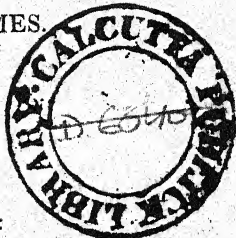
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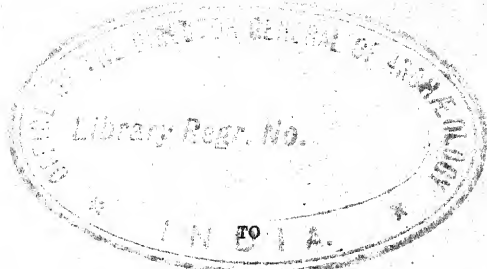
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MRS. FRANCES MARIA THOMPSON,

DISTINGUISHED EQUALLY

FOR HER PERSONAL ENDOWMENTS,

HER MENTAL ACQUIREMENTS,

AND HER ZEAL FOR THE PROGRESS OF THE BEST

INTERESTS OF HUMANITY,

THESE UNPRETENDING VOLUMES

ARE DEDICATED,

BY HER OBLIGED FRIEND, AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



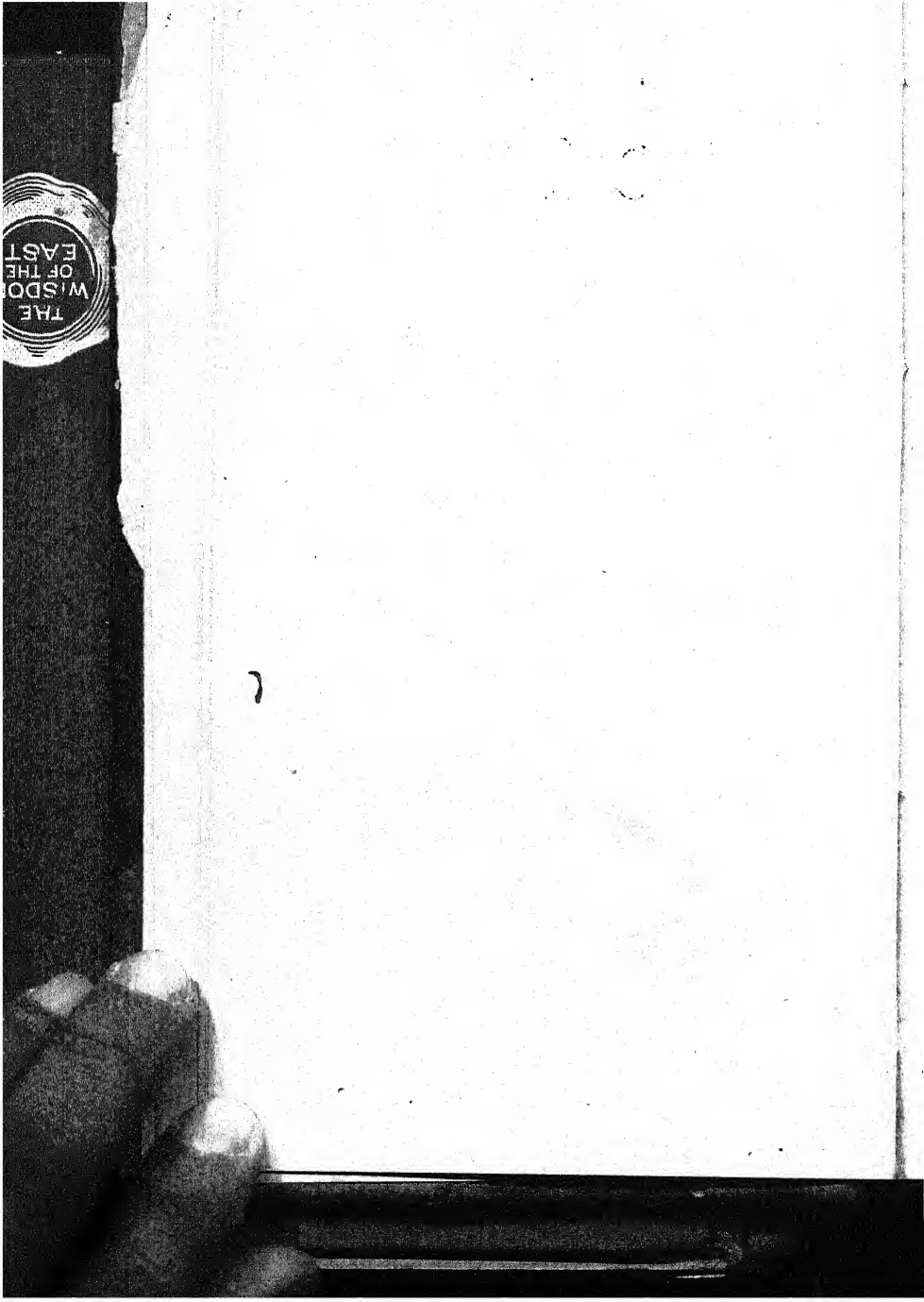
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REMINISCENCES OF A HALF  
CASTE.

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IT was one of the gayest and brightest of May's smiling mornings, when my last foot-step pressed the blessed earth of England, my father-land ! I thought, as I looked back upon it from the deck of the Indiaman, that the whole isle lay enveloped in one sun-beam, and I mourned over my departure as if all other earth were shadowed with perpetual darkness. Yes ! I loved, I love, that nest of man's best blessings with filial love. Ah ! why—why—was it not my *native* home ?



The weary waste of waters! the eternal wave!  
the everlasting barrenness! Such are the im-  
pressions the magnificent ocean for ever made on  
my land-sick mind. I acknowledge the awful-  
ness of its voice of storm, the terrors of its  
power, the resistlessness of its wrath; but they  
sort with other moods than mine. Nature's  
softer charms, the verdant plain, the swelling  
hill, the forests, flowers, rivers, lake and glen;  
these are the beauties in the midst of which my  
heart would dwell for ever. I remember so  
well the coppices of my guardian's park; its  
groves, the choicest haunt of fairies; its soft  
greensward; its transparent lake; the "aged  
oak," beneath whose giant shade I dreamt  
away the bright hours of dawning life; that  
blessed interval between the boy and man,  
when time seems to pause that human things  
may revel in the visions of the first paradise,  
and then plunge into that withering world

which sin and sorrow have made—Ay! I remember all, and *then* and *now*!

It was a first class ship, and the number of passengers was great. Officers civil and military, a few speculators, some females who might also be classed under that denomination, composed, as usual, the characters to be found in a vessel of Indian destination. The first observation that pained me, when habit had reconciled me to the motion of the ship, and familiarity with strange objects had given my mind leisure for reflection, was, that every being around me, of whatever age or sex, had some ascertained and intelligible end in view. Old officers were returning to their former positions; new ones to others equally well-defined; each speculator had an understood line in prospect, and a settled place of abode; every adventuress, if I may be pardoned the term, a friend or relative to whose protection



she was consigned; but *I*, wherefore was *I* there, and on what errand bent?

To seek the house of my father; yea, but what post to occupy? What parent calls his son to this land, when his years approach manhood, for a life without some ostensible end and aim? And did not General Vane know full well that England was the store-house where the occupations and offices to be enjoyed in India are deposited? And why was *his* son thus inexplicably destitute?

There were some individuals amongst us distinguished if not for brilliancy, at least for length, of service, and to these the name of General Vane was familiar, and to a few evidently that of an intimate. Yet they extended little notice to his son, and a thousand minute circumstances made me feel that my position was equivocal and mysterious even to myself. Even the cadets, many of them considerably

my juniors, and the generality no modesty could prevent my deeming *intellectually* my inferiors, appeared to receive me amongst themselves on sufferance. I *felt* intimately that there was some inexplicable degradation connected with me, but the straining of every faculty of my mind did not aid me in discovering whence it originated.

Storemont, a young cavalry officer, who had been to England on sick-certificate, and was returning to India to resume his regimental duties, appeared to be least imbued with those feelings of aversion which I detected or fancied in the rest. It was such a relief to me to feel that he did not meet the advances my sense of loneliness almost compelled me to make with repulse, that every better sentiment of my nature was kindled for him. He endured my society, when solitude was a burden I found intolerable; he listened with patience to those

outpourings of feelings at which others either stared or sneered. I did not, it is true, complain of the "very head and front" of that which caused my sorrow. I had too much pride to confess that I felt myself pushed down below my apparent position. It seemed, in my secret soul, as if I wronged my manhood in yielding to an influence which assumed no tangible shape. My complaints, vague as they were, however, were listened to with patience and sympathy, and Storemont, if he sometimes ridiculed what he called my romance, more frequently occupied himself in attempts to fix my mind on the objects of new and not unworthy interest I was about to encounter.

One day when he had been more than usually earnest in his attempts to make me regard the present lightly in the importance of the future, we naturally fell to discussing the modes of life in India.

"I have a dreamy kind of remembrance," said I, "of tall palmira trees, and plantains, mosques, pagodas, and tanks, as one looks back on a half-forgotten dream; sometimes there is a gay array of sable faces beneath white and coloured turbans haunting my memory, greatly to the prejudice of the picturesque round hats and rounder physiognomies of the unromantic people amongst whom my youth has been passed. Surely nothing is more poetical than those dreamy reminiscences of childhood."

"You are well pleased then to return to India?" said Storemont enquiringly.

"No," said I; "if truth must be told, all the preferences of my reason are in favour of England. All my hopes and prospects too had long been limited to that land; my father's summons was unexpected, and, if it were not that I long for the blessing of his affection, I

should say it was as unwelcome as it was sudden."

"Your preference of England *is* rational," returned Storemont thoughtfully; "under *your* circumstances certainly there can be no comparison between the comforts and consideration you might attain in the two countries. However, of course General Vane is the best judge; but knowing from report his ostensible means, I confess I do not see the wisdom of his reclaiming you from the certain position you might have had in Europe, to the disadvantages and *disagreeables* you must probably encounter in India."

I looked at him enquiringly, and the composure with which he first met my glance, gradually gave way to embarrassment.

"It is true," said I, "that amongst all the unpleasant feelings consequent on my quitting England, not the least has been my igno-

rance of the position I am about to fill. I acknowledge I should have been glad to have had some ascertained object in view, some definite career pointed out to me. General Vane's mandate was little more than a declaration of his incapability of fulfilling his original intentions in my favour, and of the prospects which opened for me in India. I believe his interest is great, but I confess I wish my appointment, whatever it is to be, had been procured previously to my embarkation. You must have perceived that the very youngest cadet of our fellow passengers regards himself as a person whose rank, being ascertained, gives him a superiority to one whose future condition is so undecided as mine. In a word, I would have preferred the least advantageous appointment in the Company's gift to all the uncertain splendour that may mark my future destiny."

Storemont's embarrassment disappeared be-

neath the strong surprise with which he regarded me. He was silent for a few minutes, and at length in a tone of greater kindness than he had ever before used in addressing me, he said, "Forgive me, my dear Vane, if I inflict any pain by the question I am going to ask you, believe me, my motive is that of a friend; is it possible that you have no suspicion of—of—forgive me, of your ineligibility to any appointment in one of the Company's services?"

It was now my turn to gaze with astonishment. "Surely not," said I, with emotion. "As the son of General Vane,—no obscure officer—how can I dream that my father's career may not also describe my own? I have better interest than he had, because I have *his*, and on what possible ground of ineligibility can I calculate?"

He looked on me with compassion. "My dear Vane," said he, "I cannot sufficiently



condemn the system which has allowed you to remain in such complete ignorance of the peculiarities of the Indian services, of the exclusion of all individuals, who are *maternally* of Asiatic origin ; in short, whom we, in our un-English phraseology, call half-castes."

Yes, from that moment the mystery was revealed ; the curse which bound me as a spell became visible to my eyes ;—one word had dissipated the darkness,—had solved the enigmas of men's coldness to me,—shrouded the bright perspective in which I had sometimes indulged, and developed the dark obscurity of my future existence. I was a HALF-CASTE !

Day after day the vessel careered triumphantly through the waves, and I saw with pain that, miserable as I was, the termination of my voyage approached—an epoch from which I was surely to date a vast accession to all the feelings of humiliation which already oppressed

me to the death. I gathered up all the casual remarks bearing on my unhappy class, which fell from those around me, and the degradation of my birth became daily more apparent. I knew—I felt—that in the land to which I was hastening, I was about to appear amongst those but my equals in education, in intellect, in all the moral attributes of man, as one bearing on my brow the seal of the curse of Cain. No process of reasoning sufficed to alleviate the exquisite pain I endured. It was vain to reason on the original equality of all races of mankind,—on the inessential distinction of shades of colour,—on the power of education in bestowing on the various races of human beings their distinguishing characteristics,—on the real causes of separation in the sight of the Creator,—on the liberality of the views which are taken by the most cultivated Europeans. What were these abstract truths—*truths, as indeed they were,*—

to the *practical* effects of the different system, which was actually already beginning to crush all my energies with the weight of its deadly tyranny? The moral stain—the stigma—of illegitimacy, I allowed with a burning heart,—but *this* was not the pressure of the curse on *me*; mine was the conventional prejudice which attaches itself to an external feature, which has no moral sanction to dignify it,—the opprobrium which the conqueror tyrannously affixes on the oppressed; one from which there was no redemption, by the union of all the talent and the virtue that ever dignified the human race. No; let me achieve what I might, I could never overleap the barrier which separated me from the European; I must still be excluded, for I was born a *half-caste*!

The voyage ended, and even I roused, for a time, to the novelty and excitement of the scenes around me. I went immediately to the

house of General Vane's agent at Madras, in obedience to my father's commands, and I learned that I was to proceed with as little delay as possible to Aurungabad, where circumstances, not necessary to be detailed at present, detained the General. I did not shrink from the prospect of this formidable march; I rejoiced rather that for some weeks I was to enjoy the blessings of solitude, and that my first impressions of the country I was to inhabit would not be embittered by the stings which, in the daily intercourse of Indian society, I was already beginning to endure.

I departed with all the paraphernalia of Indian travelling, and my soul seemed to liberate itself from the thralldom that had bound it, as I found myself gradually receding from the haunts of Europeans, and surrounded only by the people and the scenery of the East. I listened to the music of the camel's bell, and

recalled some of my early visions of India; I stretched myself on my couch within the walls of my tent, looking out on the plain beyond the village near which I was encamped, taking in the distant mountains, the neighbouring tanks, topes, and pagoda, and the Oriental people, who, either in attendance on me, or prompted by curiosity, hovered round my encampment. The bright atmosphere, the clear and sunny sky, the absence of all those sources of annoyance and mortification I had of late experienced, exhilarated my spirits to a pitch of joyousness, and I look back on that, my first journey in the land of the East, as the single "spot of azure" in my clouded existence.

I had no fault to find with the cordiality of General Vane's reception, and yet it did not satisfy me. In vain my reason suggested that its warmth ought to have equalled my expectations, since I had no hold on his *habits* of affec-

tion, which, after all, are the ordinary ties of man's attachments. I had been separated from him since the earliest years of infancy, and must have been a stranger in his eyes. No trace of my boyhood probably marked the man, and my manners must have been not only *new*, but *startling* to him, influenced as they had been by the habitual contemplation of a future so widely different from *this* present, and formed amongst a class, with whom at no period he could have had much intercourse. General Vane's whole manner was that of a friend warmly interested in my behalf; but it was not, even on retrospection I feel that it was not, the manner of a father. No touch of parental emotion affected his voice when he addressed me, or his eye as he gazed on me. Calm in his kindness, he regarded me with the benignity of a superior being, and in a thousand instances I felt there was a line between

us, which prevented for ever our approach in the relations of parent and child.

And I had a means of comparison also, a sense of the slender tie which my birth gave me on him, forced on me by his evident fondness for his legitimate, — his *European* offspring. General Vane was married, and when his wife, who had been absent at a neighbouring cantonment, returned with those children to the house of my father, then indeed I learned in every fibre of my frame to shrink before the shame of my involuntary degradation, the sin, the stain, the sorrow, the bitter curse, entailed by my birthright.

The cold politeness of the reception vouchsafed me by Mrs. Vane, left me no tangible ground of complaint. She was quite as courteous, more so indeed, than my father's *natural* daughter. I had a right to expect from my father's law-

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The cold politeness of the reception vouchsafed me by Mrs. Vane, left me no tangible ground of complaint. She was quite as courteous, more so indeed, than my father's *natural* son had a right to expect from my father's lawful wife. But I was compelled to feel hourly,

that it originated in a sense of what was due to *herself*, and that a resolution of preserving her own high position dictated the most scrupulous consideration for my external comforts, whilst every tone of her voice, every *undisciplined* expression of her eye, indicated her unlimited contempt for the unfortunate wretch compulsively brought within the limits of her acquaintance, and impressed on that wretch also a conviction that every courtesy of society may be observed, and yet consist with the infliction of ten thousand minute wounds, which fester in their own virulence, until "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."

If ever the General was animated into anything approaching the warmth of affection towards me, the conversation of the circle around, whatever might be its topic, was certain insensibly to glide into a discussion on the imprudence of young men, who, by the miserable

folly of the guilty and degrading connexions they formed, were laying up for themselves a store of torment and annoyance which, at some later period of their lives, must inevitably heap on them that retribution which, although confessedly the meet recompense of their misdoings, was sincerely to be deprecated. And all this appeared so naturally the result of previous remark, that whilst all my hopes, my conscious dignity as a man, withered beneath its blasting influence, I had no legitimate ground of complaint. How dared I incur the ridicule of appropriating general remark? How could I come forward, and say, "Your arrow has taken effect, and I expire beneath its poison!" At this period of my unhappy existence, all the institutions of society became unhallowed and debasing in my estimation, entailing only misery and despair. My views of mankind were losing that unprejudiced fairness

which it had been the labour of my guardian to inculcate; my mental sight, by being fixed always on *one* point, distorted every other object that came within the sphere of its vision. The realities of things gradually faded beneath my intense consciousness of the absorbing importance of their relations. Truth and equity were no longer present to my eye in their own august proportions, but covered with the drapery of social conventions. In vain I reflected that my position was the result of the crime of another; my reason was insufficient to combat the humiliation of my feelings.

At the same time also I became the prey of an insatiable desire to learn the story of my *mother*. Her name had never been breathed in my ear; her image had never for a moment presented itself to my mind. I had not one associating idea connected with that most sacred relation of human life. I had never been ac-

customed to the reciprocation of parental and filial affection ; my guardian had been the only parent I had known, and his kindness was repaid with a love too grateful to allow one moment's surprise that he alone claimed it. He had impressed on me, with scrupulous care, the gratitude, the respect, the reverence, I owed to General Vane, and *his* lessons were sure of receiving from me implicit faith ;—his injunctions unlimited obedience. But who could awaken in the heart of the child those thousand sympathies which start into being insensibly and delightfully beneath the influence of daily intercourse ? My *duty* to my unknown father I was prepared to perform with unquestioning solicitude ; but the *affections* of the human heart respond only to the voice of him who seeks to kindle them. And my *mother*—even the impressive admonitions of my guardian had never inculcated aught of feelings due to *her*

from her son;—he had never whispered her name,—never breathed the remotest hint that *such* a being *had* existed, and that from *her* *my* existence had originated. Having little of female companionship beyond the ordinary intercourse of society, I knew not of the endearing care which throws roses on the pathway of others childhood, and until now the thought of my mother had never “knocked at the door of my heart.”

But now, when I saw my father's wife surrounded by his happier children, and when I was made to feel in every fibre of my companionless heart that I had “no part or lot” in her tenderness, no claim upon her cares,—that I was an alien to her blood, and an intruder in her sight,—then how could I but ask myself the unanswerable question, “Where is *she* whose sin is now my shame?”

If I had had courage to shape these thoughts into words addressed to my father's ear, my



irrepressible feelings of humiliation would have kept them sealed up for ever in the depths of my own bosom. But I could not have such courage, for there was no cordiality to tempt confidence. General Vane, accustomed to the formula of military subordination, and having been for years in a position *to command*, had almost forgotten that beings in a lower grade of life had any claims to independent sensations in his presence. The deference habitually paid to him by his juniors, led him to demand it as a right from all who surrounded him. Not that his manner was arrogant or ostentatious, but it had that assured tone which indicated his consciousness of superiority, and he accepted the homage of all as a tribute that must naturally be paid to the dignities which enveloped him. Even Mrs. Vane, haughty to the whole world besides, never deviated into dissent from the opinions or wishes of the General.

On my first arrival, my father had intimated

to me his expectations of procuring me an appointment in the service of his Highness the Nizam, and having done so he abstained from all further discussion on the subject. Having indicated the path I was to pursue, I am persuaded that the necessity of *my* preference of it never reached his mind in the shape of the remotest possible suggestion. He had pronounced his fiat, and it was evident that it was to be received by me as my destiny. And yet surely *his* table, and the society that habitually composed its guests, was the last place, and were the least likely associates, to make the thought of my destination tolerable. Their daily conversation teemed with anecdotes of the demoralization, the intellectual degradation, of the numerous *half-castes*,—*my brethren*—who were to be found amongst the Nizam's officers. Reprobation—merited, if the asserted causes were true,—was lavished with unsparing se-

verity ; and no compassionate thought for *me*, obscure and neglected as I was, ever checked the license of their abuse. I gathered from them the fearful truth, that the political degradation of this class had produced the usual effect of moral debasement, and that to be gifted, honourable, upright, intellectual, was beyond the circle of the necessary conditions of the social position of a *half-caste*, since no man would put faith in his sincerity, or receive its demonstrations with an unprejudiced eye, the very sin of his birth entailing on him an inheritance of all that can most degrade and brutify manhood.

Baffled on all sides, with no resting-place for the affections which assuredly exist in man's bosom, and imperative demand some sustaining food, it is not wonderful that I, passionately fond of childhood, with all its rainbow radiance of smiles and tears, sought to conci-

liate the *lawful* children of my father. Be my mother who she might, I at least shared *their* blood; we derived existence from the same parent, and even my eye could discern in our lineaments traces of our origin from one common stock, which not even the sable stain discernible on my brow could obliterate. Unable to comprehend the subtle distinctions of social life, children are usually accessible to kindness, and keenly susceptible of the manifestations of attachment. My little brothers, — I venture *here* and *now* to call them so, — were by no means insensible to my caresses. By degrees they evinced a preference for my society above that of their mother even, because my sex and health permitted me to be their companion on occasions when custom, and the delicacy often attendant on females in these climates, compelled her absence. This intimacy and affection gained considerable strength before it attracted

her notice ; but, from that moment, and I could date its occurrence with the accuracy of a chronologer, the first was interrupted, and the latter, consequently, visibly declined.

Great Heaven ! why was that merciless pang inflicted ? Wherein did I injure those innocent children by the fond devotedness of my love,—the watchful protection of my presence ? My caresses left no stain, my kisses breathed no curse ! My heart bloomed again beneath the reviving influence of their blessed affection. Linked to them by feelings of guardianship,—by my own readiness to meet in *my* person any danger that could thus have been shielded from theirs,—I had entered on a blissful dream that the curse of barrenness had been removed from my soul ; that I was not a thing wholly set apart from the less degraded portion of human beings ; that, sanctified by my affinity to *these*, there was still a link of union between myself

and the good of my species. It was a pure love,—the purer, the stronger, the more enduring, for the self-humility that mingled with it. It was a sunbeam that enlivened the stormy darkness of my life's hemisphere, and I basked in its warmth with the transport of an idolater.

The children themselves at first seemed to pursue their ordinary sports with less than their usual avidity. Often their little faces were turned wistfully towards me, when a word or sign from their mother recalled them to a sense of the coldness they were to observe to me. Children, however, released from surveillance, are not very capable of self-restraint, and all my doubts on the origin of their present estrangement were removed by my first *unwitnessed* interview with them.

“Brother Walter”—thus I had taught him to call me,—“Brother Walter,—no—no—*not*

brother Walter—mamma says only *Walter*—I want a string to my top, and I wish you might put one to it for me, but mamma bids us ask the matee. Mamma says it is not proper to talk too much to you, Walter.”

“And why?” said I, as my lip quivered beneath the agony inflicted through this innocent.

“You are a *half-caste*—that is *blacky*,” returned the child—“And mamma says, you always show black blood; and you have no proper mamma like ours, and *your* mother is a blacky, like our Ayah, and it is not proper for Europe children to talk to half-castes too much, mamma tells us.”

I was stunned by the blow thus wantonly inflicted, not by the unconscious child, but by the mature cruelty of which he was the instrument. I had no words to express the unutterable bitterness of that anguish, and silently—despairingly—I turned away.



I know not what there was in my countenance that awakened the child's compassion. Our nature is soon alive to sympathy, whether of pain or pleasure; the infant weeps all unknowing wherefore, if the eye on which he is accustomed to gaze, be filled with tears, and his smiles are ready equally to reflect back smiles.

He ran after me, and leaped into my arms. "Do not be sorry, brother Walter," he said, caressing me, and pressing his sweet lips to my eyes, my cheeks, my lips, as if anxious that the abundance of his kisses should extract the poison of his words. "I *will* play with you, and love you, and call you brother Walter, for all mamma. I don't like mamma half as I love you, dear Walter; she can't spin my top, nor fly my kite, nor make me fine new fishing-rods. You are *not* blackey, brother Walter, and don't *so* mind mamma."

I set him down gently—"Obey your mo-



ther like a good boy," said I; "I *am* blackey, Arthur, and her word is true," and as I spoke, I walked hastily away.

And this is human nature!—so ran my thoughts, as I turned from my father's house towards the ruined city. *One* bears the shame of the sins of another, and the guilty is honoured and stands with a firm foot on the high places of the earth, whilst the fruit of his guilt is mercilessly crushed on the lowly pathway where he would fain find space to crawl! This is indeed a *destiny* fashioned by mortal hands—by human institutions which pre-ordain to shame, and therefore despoil of all social fences against crime a being in all things like unto themselves—that has faculties, thoughts, hopes, feelings, wishes, similarly existent, and perchance *more* cultivated. So be it! and if never to be *one of* them, why am I amongst them?

And the landscape that surrounded my early

home at that moment seemed to lie before me distinct in all its beauty, hallowed by all its happiness, and by that best of human feelings, that surest guarantee for human virtues—*self-respect*. There, unconscious of the degradation bequeathed to me as my only paternal inheritance, I had been wont to wander “with head erect conversing with the stars,” crouching beneath no consciousness of shame, unblushing before all mortal eyes. There, happy and honoured, I had run my daily course in that abundant enjoyment which leaves only space for the indulgence of healthy hopes, excluding all wild and tormenting wishes. Enjoying, on equal terms, the society of the good, and in many instances of the talented also, I had never dreamed that, because my brow was a shade the darker, it ought therefore to quail. Amongst the various knowledge imparted by my protector, he had neglected to inculcate,

that a single race of men exists born to infamy inexpiable and irremediable !

I rested upon the spot where the palace of Aurungzebe had once stood. In Greece and Italy, although glory is departed, it has left in magnificence the print of its footsteps. But the ruins of this Asiatic capital are buried in dust and ashes. There is indeed the splendid tomb of the favourite daughter of the emperor to invite the admiration and the inspection of the curious, surrounded by its gardens, with their voiceless fountains, and displaying its brazen gates of the most various workmanship. Within, there is the gallery of pure white marble, whence you look down on the narrow resting-place of the far-descended dead, and you mock the folly of the living, which has marred its solemnity by the votive offerings of slips of coloured cloth ! The place of the dead has survived the dwelling of the

living. The sepulchre stands yet entire, but where are the glories amongst which she, its inmate, when yet a thing of life, lived and breathed? Alas! they were and are not; they are gone and have left no trace of light behind them! And then a voice spoke to my spirit of the instability of all that is human—of the shame of the world as well as its glory, of the certain silence of its contempt as of its applause. I placed my foot firmly where the throne of the mighty had stood, and I remembered how brief was the space that had intervened since the voice pronouncing the fiat of millions had sounded thence, and whence nought issued now more formidable than the sigh of one aching heart! This was a spot whereon to learn a lesson of deepest import. The bright moon shone above me, and the stars ran their eternal courses, and between their brightness and myself no cloud intervened more than if I had

been the most honoured of the sons of men. The air breathed coolly and purely on my brow, and the silence around was more soothing to me than the sweetest words of consolation. It seemed as if I found, in the might and loveliness of creation, a sympathy and a companionship which all of human kind refused to vouchsafe me. *Beneath*, I saw the evidence of the weakness of earthly power, the evanescence of earthly glory ; I trampled on the ashes of an empire : *above*, was the broad everlasting arch of heaven, with its worlds of splendour, bright and beaming as in the moment of création : and I felt that I was not utterly outcast, for HE the UNCHANGEABLE looked even upon me !

Elevated above the degradation of my fate by contemplations such as these, I retraced my path homewards, and, in the solitude of my own apartment that night, I drank into my

soul the comprehensive lesson that may sustain under the touch of calamity—"COMMUNE WITH THINE OWN HEART AND BE STILL!"

A few days intervened, and I was summoned to the dressing-room of the General. "I have the satisfaction," said he, "of announcing the success of my application in your behalf; you are now a Lieutenant in the Nizam's service. Your allowances will amount to four hundred rupees monthly, on which, with ordinary prudence, you may live with as much regard to appearances as is required from a young man and a subaltern. I trust you will not disgrace my recommendation. I shall give you letters to certain influential persons, who, for my sake will, I doubt not, overlook the unfortunate circumstances attending you, and afford you all the assistance in their power. Of course you will be grateful accordingly. Your regiment is at Bolarum, and I would advise your

making your preparations as expeditiously as you can, that you may join with the least possible delay. Haste in these matters tells well."

Hitherto my spirit had quailed in the presence of General Vane; humiliated by the undying sense of my position, I had stood in his presence as in that of a being of a higher order. Awed by the cold, commanding dignity of his manner, I had never ventured to obtrude on him one question bearing on my own prospects, or to utter one murmur at the unsatisfactoriness of the future prepared for me. But at this moment unwonted strength nerved my heart; it seemed as if we had suddenly started into a new relation,—the oppressor to the oppressed,—the criminal to his victim! Perhaps also the desperate certainty that *this* was the precise instant when the irrevocable step must carry me across the Rubicon of my destiny,



and that once taken retreat was impossible, furnished the impulse I needed.

"Is it too late, Sir," said I, in accents not perhaps *very* firm, "to implore you to reconsider your plans for me? Allow me to lay before you the unutterable pain with which I contemplate an existence spent in India. By your kindness I have had the most generous mental cultivation, and for years I was permitted to regard England as the sphere in which my existence was to be spent. Consequently, the whole train of thought and hope assumed a bias, which has been cruelly counteracted by my sojourn here and the prospect of its continuance. Nor am I, my father," *for the first time* that paternal appellation passed my lips, "believe me, insensible to the disadvantages of my unhappy descent. Excluded here from the more respectable sphere of life which might repay with honourable distinction the



fatigue and danger of the pursuit, let me implore you not to chain me to a situation which no wealth, no luxury, can ever render tolerable. The education bestowed on me by you has, permit me to say it, had a tendency to awaken such feelings and aspirations, as render the humiliations daily inflicted on my unfortunate race in this eastern hemisphere poignant beyond endurance. Do not condemn me to the dreadful sense of a degradation from which there is no escape. In England, as I have never been made to feel the curse of my colour, I may learn to forget the anguish these few months have awakened."

"Stop," said the General in his haughtiest accents of command, with his brow darkened, and his proud eye fixed witheringly on me. "One word, Sir, and as it is the first, be it the last between us on this topic. It was at my will to bestow on you no better culture than

yonder half-savage Indians possess,—to leave you to the poverty and ignorance of your mother ;—to permit you no brighter light than that of her idolatry, and to see you one amongst outcasts such as she is. Nor will I conceal from you that there have been many moments, since my marriage especially, when I have felt that such a disposal of you would have been my best wisdom. The law allows you no claims on me ; such as you are, you are the creature of my bounty, and are bound by every feeling of gratitude to know no wish beyond the expression of my will. Be thankful for what has been bestowed, and presume not to grasp at more. I can never allow your claims to interfere with those of *my own* children. Enough, perhaps too much, has already been done for you. No words, Sir ; your path in life is irrevocably fixed ; the sooner you enter on it the better."

I left his presence, and I thought I had now attained the climax of the suffering which my birth entailed on me. "*His own* children," to whom all the care of paternal affection was given! Was not *I his own* child? Had I sold my birth-right for Esau's portion, that he had 'no blessing left for me, even me also?' Surely it behoved him to look with a pitying eye on a being whose shame was *his sin*? Had not my life hitherto been one line of undeviating obedience to his will? If he had bestowed the means of intellectual culture, had not the desire of evincing my gratitude been the best stimulus to my industry? Had I not, with almost unexampled assiduity, striven to render myself approved of him? And since I had been called to his society, had he ever evinced any interest in the depth or extent of my acquirements? Had he made *one* inquiry after my habits, my tastes, or in one instance

consulted my preferences? No, never, never! It was evident that he viewed me only in the character which he himself had just fixed on me,—“the creature of his bounty;” that that bounty had been the result of certain plans regarding me, which circumstances,—probably the birth of his lawful children,—had induced him to change, and that now, as I had in fact always been, I was viewed as the slave of *his* will, who was in no respect to swerve from the precise letter of his decree.

Yes, in that hour of bitterness my bewildered heart echoed the wish pronounced by his lips; I cursed the hour in which he had first consigned me to a guardianship where I had learnt the dignity of man, and I exclaimed, in the anguish of my spirit, that it was better to walk for ever in darkness than to be sensible of a light answering no purpose but to demonstrate the ruggedness, the dangers, of the

path that *must* be trodden. I regretted that one feeling had ever been awakened in my heart more elevated than those which occupied my *half-brethren*, the children of the East, to whose contentment a sufficient meal and rest sufficeth. For a little, I lost all sense of the value of the knowledge, the self-sustaining knowledge, that had been imparted. Struck as with the breath of the pestilence, my mental energies withered, or turned their powers into weapons against me.

But *this* mood could not last. The night, weary as it was, passed away, and the rosy orient morning came, with all its treasure of dew and sunshine, to speak peace to a spirit too young to be insensible to its influence. I sallied forth, and, as I felt the freshness of the cool air playing on my brow, I awoke to a consciousness of the full value of the mental wealth that had been bestowed on me. My

soul also rose to views not of *this* earth; and even hope ventured to look out upon the future. I dared to dream of a few years of severe economy, and a return to the land of my youth, with at least the means of existence. I resolved to let none of my faculties rust, for I relied on them as so many resources to avail me hereafter,—as so many means of enabling me to bear the mortifications of the present. I did not attempt to avert my eyes from the humiliations I must inevitably encounter, but I marked out a line of partial seclusion and inoffensive unobtrusiveness, by following which I should incur the least possible hazard of provoking them. I meant to preserve my independence without attempting to assert claims which every European around me would deny, and which would but awaken the expression of his scorn. But, whilst I meditated this check upon myself, I shrank yet more from the

thought of courting sufferance by servility. My design was *to escape*, not *to bend*. I wished only to avert mortifications, not to win popularity. And thus, ignorant of all pertaining to a military life, unknowing that to stand aloof is interpreted as a reproach on those who herd together, that to be solitary is to be hostile, I hugged myself in the delusive hope of an existence man can scarcely ever realize.

And the passions?—*Their* hour of empire was yet to come!

With renewed buoyancy of spirit, I ascended the hill which leads to Dowlatabad, and I looked down on the gladdening scene extended at its foot. A rich verdure covered the earth, for the monsoon rains had just passed away; the tufted cocoa and broad-leafed plantain, the lofty and luxuriant mango, interspersed amongst the white bungalows, glittered in the morning's beam. The taper minarets that flanked the



tomb of the daughter of Aurungzebe, rose up gracefully in the clear air, and the central cupola was resplendent in the sun's ray. Hindoos and Mussulmans were moving over the scene, roused early to their usual avocations beneath the freshening "hour of prime." Above me towered the almost impregnable fortress, with its massy walls, frowning over the perpendicular access: the whole scene was pregnant with the memory of the past and the vitality of the present. Even ruin itself seemed less desolate in that glad beam, and, whilst all the visible world was radiant with joy, how could the inner, the more fearful, world within the heart of a creature always alive to sympathies with things around, breathe only misery and repining? No; such as I was, I resolved to use gratefully the blessings that had been given, and, at least, to *deserve* to redeem myself from the degradation to which they of my race are born.



With a lighter step, and with how changed a mood, I retraced my path to the house of my father. I sauntered along, happy under the influence of thoughts which, if originally inspired by the visible things of creation, had now taken a higher and upward flight. I can even now recall the very shape and hue of the imaginings which then shed their blessed light upon my soul, and memory lingers fondly around them, rejoicing in the brightness that was so brief, so baseless !

Ere I returned to the house I diverged to the left, tempted by the hum which arose from the city, to enter its precincts, and watch the opening of the bazaars. I was amusing myself with inspecting the various countenances that were gradually filling the choúk,\* when I recognised the somewhat remarkable aspect of the General's butler. The duties of this man's office brought him very little in contact with

\* Market-place.

myself, and I had remarked him chiefly from the constancy and earnestness of his gaze on me. He had never sought to attract my attention, but had been satisfied with rendering me the object of his incessant scrutiny. When I first remarked him, I attributed this evident observation to the curiosity which was gratified by all that was strange in the manners of a newly-arrived European, and by the time this must have been satisfied by familiarity, I also had been so habituated to his gaze, as either not to regard it, or to consider it a thing of course. I fancied I had caught a glimpse of him when I first turned from the house this morning, and now, as he lingered near me, with no evident object but watchfulness of myself, it struck me that he had dogged my footsteps, and had volunteered the office of a spy on my proceedings.

If not by nature irritable, the circumstances which had lately surrounded me could hardly

fail of rendering me so. I hastily cleared the little distance that separated us, and, relying on his knowledge of my language, as his was not sufficiently familiar to me, I accosted him with an indignation very disproportionate to its apparent cause.

He received my address with the submissive salam of the Asiatic.

“I have plenty business in the *choúk*, Saib.”

Such was his reply, in his barbarous English, and, spreading his hand on his breast; “suppose master got little business too?” this was added in a tone of peculiar inquiry.

“Do your business,” said I, “and leave me to mine,” and I was turning away.

“Saib going to Bolarum?” said he rapidly, coming to my other side, and speaking in a tone half of inquiry, half remark; “three, four, days—one week, Saib go?”

“And what then?” I asked impatiently.

“General Saib little too much angry with young master,” pursued he, quite unmindful of my angry voice, convinced that he had at least gained my ear; “master want go back to Europe; General say, ‘go to Bolarum!’ master not like Bolarum too much.”

“How do you know all this, Mr. Shaik Emaum?” said I, convinced that he had gained his knowledge by listening. “What will the General say, when I tell him you are minding his business instead of your own.”

“Master not tell, I know that,” replied he, with a sagacious nod; “master got too much sense! What for tell? I hear General tell Bëbë Saib\* with my ears; what can I help? Bëbë Saib not much master’s good friend; says master too much think himself,—not enough think little white *buchas*.† Why for? young master got black mother.”

\* Mistress—lady.

† Children.

I shrunk from the pressure made by so rude a hand on my painful wound. I had no words either of rebuke or inquiry. What might be the expression of my eye as I looked full on him, I know not. He, however, interpreted it after his own manner, and replied to it at his discretion.

"Long time I live with General Saib," he went on, lowering his tone to a confidential whisper: "before young master born, I General's dressing-boy. I see young master when he very, very little *chota bucha*; and when he went in the large ship, I tell black *Ahma* not cry!"

"*Ahma!*—*my mother!*" I paused involuntarily, and in a voice lowered as his own, I asked, "You knew her?"

"How can I not know?" he replied; "General then Colonel; I live in his house; I know all people there; that girl too know at that time. Too much young then,—plenty old

now. General marry Europe wife ; what for keep that girl ? Send away ; make plenty present ; that woman make little noise, then General too much angry, then that woman go quiet, and live near Poonah."

He paused with his eye fixed earnestly on my face, which must, at that bitter moment, have expressed as much shame and anguish as can be felt by the sufferer from another's sin.

" Master not remember that black ahma ?" he added doubtfully.

" Silence !" I exclaimed, for I felt I could bear no more ; " or tell me whither all this tends ? what mean you ? "

I do not suppose my meaning was perfectly intelligible to him. He went on, evidently pursuing the train of communication he had previously resolved to make.

" I always too much good friend to Laul Bee ; sometimes now I send little chit, and tell all news. When master came to Aurungabad

I send that word, and Laul Bee too much glad." And again his sharp eyes were fixed, half observingly, half inquiringly, on my face.

"She lives then!" These words broke from my overcharged mind, and had no object as addressed to my companion. Alas! must I confess the infirmity, the wickedness of my thought! They involved the expression of some regret, that she who had given me *my* being still lived! Into what demons does this base spirit of social pride transform us?

He interpreted the words that had escaped me, into an inquiry which must have been consonant to the dictates of unpervverted nature, and he answered them accordingly.

"Laul Bee always strong, always plenty rice, plenty money. Twenty rupees every month, General give that woman,—what for not live? Only she write little word, 'too much want to see young master.'"

"To see me!" I exclaimed; "for what



good, Shaik Emaum? She has plenty, and I have nothing to give." Such were the first words dictated by a thousand feelings which are too intelligible to need description. An interview with one of *such* a race, and so degraded, and that one the very being to whom nature dictated my approach with outstretched arms, and the fond, confiding, hopeful cry of '*mother!*'—the mother of General Vane's child,—of the youth of European culture,—imbued with every prejudice *laudably* inculcated as so many safeguards and sanctions for the adhesion of civilized society!—

Let me not be condemned for selfishness—for cruelty. What are our natural affections but the produce of habit? What are our best feelings, filial, fraternal, but the result of association, and the thousand remembrances which, imperceptibly recalling kindness, impress us with gratitude, that most celestial,



perhaps, of our impulses, the least calculating of our instincts! How could I love *a mother* of whose image I had none—the remotest—recollection? with whose name no idea of love to my helpless infancy was associated? whose very being was my degradation, whose presence must constitute my misery! If European, however humble her rank, however vicious her life, *some* accordant sentiment might have been the bond of union between us; I might have wept over her ruin, have pitied her degradation, but have felt she was *my mother* still. But in *this* case how different! how impassable was the gulf between *this* woman and myself! In her eyes my birth had neither been the consequence of sin, nor the cause of degradation. It availed not to palter with historical recollections, to dwell on by-gone ages when the Hindu was accomplished in the arts and appliances of life, and the

Briton roamed his woods, at best a lordly savage. In our appreciation of things, how little appears of value beyond the actual and tangible present ! I saw in my mother only a creature sunk in the lowest abyss to which her sex's degradation can fall ; who, knowing nothing of moral dignity, was ignorant how completely she had forfeited hers ; who probably had felt her connexion with General Vane as a distinction whilst it had lasted, and a source of profit now it had passed away ; and whose feelings for her son,—*for me*—no, I turned my abhorring eyes thence, too conscious that no one pure sentiment of the hallowed affection of a mother could touch that woman's heart for her first-born.

During the short pause which reflections such as these occasioned, Shaik Emaum was endeavouring to trace the current of my thoughts. How far his efforts were successful

I know not, but the result of his observations led him to touch my arm gently, and pointing to a female figure beneath a mango-tree at a little distance, to whisper half fearfully, "that is Laul Bee!"

She lay beneath the shade of the luxuriant tree, with her arms folded over her eyes, in the usual posture of the supine Hindu. She was arrayed in the costume of her race, of a better quality than ordinary; but, though of Mus-sulmaun caste, her face was uncovered, an evidence of the lowliness of her rank, even if there had needed any beyond the fact of her connexion with a European. As the sound of our approaching footsteps reached her ear, she raised her head, and, for the first time, my eye rested on the face of *my mother!*

Whatever may be the attractions possessed in early youth by the females of the East, they vanish with its bloom. The appearance

of old age is, even amongst the highest classes, premature, and in the lower it hardly ever, I think, falls far short of being absolutely revolting. The stain on the lips imparted by the betel they constantly chew, the frequent loss of teeth, the enlarged features, the darkened and wrinkled skin, the change in their persons, either to haggard leanness, or, on the other side, to the most unseemly grossness, combine to present a specimen of the female form as little consistent with all that is most loved and revered by a European as can well be conceived.

When my mother—yes, she *was* my mother—saw us, she readily conjectured the truth, and she arose to meet *her son*. I cannot, even now I cannot pause to describe the sensations that the first sight of her occasioned. The countenance, indelibly marked with traces of the depravity in which alas! alas! her youth and maturity

had passed, the grossness of her form, not alleviated, hardly concealed, by her drapery; the eye, that index of the soul, half stupified, half sensual—let me draw a veil over that harrowing picture.

I needed not to have dreaded the display of any of those passionate emotions likely to be felt by a mother on an occasion such as this. Half simpering, half afraid, she came towards me, and proffered me the salam I might have received from one of my father's domestics. I had no embrace to meet; the habits of *her* life had measured a distance between us, which even to *her* was impassable, in all that respects the testimonials of affection, and in its reality. Nor was her object in seeking this interview, as I soon discovered, by any means allied to a desire of satisfying the impulse of that maternal affection which we deem the strongest of Nature's instincts. In her instance

that instinct was counteracted by all the feelings of her life, by the habitual distance maintained between herself and a European gentleman, even if *he* were the father of her child; I was to her not only a stranger in person but a foreigner in language, manner, and education, an alien to her feelings, an infidel to her religion.

With what cruel embarrassment I received her first address, hardly intelligible as it was, being made in her native tongue! Assisted, however, by the interpretation of Shaik Emaum, I found that it consisted principally of complaints against the cruelty of the General in having separated her from me—*her child*—in the first instance, and then of his want of liberality towards her now that he had married a European lady. She enlarged on the excellence of her own conduct to him during the years of their living together, and

insisted on the fidelity she had rigorously maintained in spite of sundry temptations. She declared that the pittance she at present received was barely sufficient to furnish her with rice, and that she had been obliged to forego all those indulgences which custom had rendered necessary. She went on to express her belief that *I* had ample means to supply all these deficiencies, and that therefore she should for the future dwell in a land of abundance. She offered to live with me henceforwards, and nearly in the emphatic words of Ruth she concluded,—“Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried!”

Briefly, firmly, but gently as I could, I told her that to accompany me would be impossible; that I had understood from Shaik



Emaum herself she was in the enjoyment of an income which, amongst her own people and in her own mode of life, would ensure her every comfort; that I had no present abode; that I was about to make a long march, and that probably the time of my sojourn in India would be very short;—that the General would never consent to such a measure as she proposed, and in short that I, not less than herself, depended entirely on his bounty; and that to encounter the risk of giving him offence would be to incur the ruin of my own prospects, as well as the entire loss of the allowance she at present received from him.

My reply disconcerted her for a moment, but presently she betook herself to uttering violent cries, accompanied by the constant striking of her mouth. These were mingled with loud upbraidings, changed occasionally for bitter invective or abject entreaty. If ever, like Job, I “cursed my day,” it was then. I

had the most reasonable grounds for apprehending that her violence would attract to the spot the numerous passengers who were proceeding within hail of us, and, whether they were Asiatic or European, how should *I* meet their gaze? No! I cannot linger on the burning shame of those moments. I write to relieve myself, not to excite the commiseration of others; whatever lesson may be read here is rather for him who meditates the sin to which I owe my unfortunate birth, than for the many who, like me, are born to drink the gall and wormwood of imputed infamy. Let the memory of that hour pass away: oh, that its traces could be effaced from the brain even now throbbing beneath the recollection! Oh, that the hopes so withered could ever bloom again! —that the heart so crushed might awaken to the promises, the joys, it once ventured to covet!

Roused to energy by the distant appearance

of a group of European horsemen, I said to Shaik Emaum, "Whether this person have indeed those claims on the General and myself which she pretends, and you assert, I have no means of judging. You know best if it is with his sanction she has been brought here, apparently by your contrivance, and can decide whether this proceeding will be to your advantage when he hears of it. I do not mean to listen longer to all this noise, and if you are of opinion that it is necessary this person's demands should be taken into consideration, you may as well proceed with her to the General's, whither I am going immediately."

Shaik Emaum was covered with dismay as I thus declared my intention. He had not expected such a display of firmness. From the usually quiet indifference of my manner, his Asiatic cunning had led him to calculate on my offering the woman a bribe to depart peace-

ably, of which he promised himself at least the half. Subsequent circumstances and observations convinced me that the astute Mussulmaun stood, as regarded this unhappy woman, in precisely the same relation as the General had done; and that the assertion of her residence at Poonah was a mere fable, by which the eyes of her former protector were blinded, and to which it was deemed advisable to secure my belief also. Nor have I the least faith in the sincerity of her offers to accompany me whithersoever my footsteps were directed. I am now quite alive to the fact of her conviction that I should think no bribe too high to secure her absence; and not his own avowal could render my impression stronger of the whole interview being a plan of Shaik Emaum's to extort money for their common benefit. He was shrewd enough to observe the depressing effect which the coldness and austerity of the General pro-

duced on me, and to venture on a bolder execution of his projects, from his internal persuasion that I should not have courage to communicate the interview or its results. Quick, however, at penetrating the strength of my actual purpose, and sagacious in drawing off at the precise moment when he perceived that there was more than an equal chance his proceedings would be revealed to his master, he spoke a few rapid and energetic sentences to the female, in the Malabar dialect, of which I understood not one word, and, in obedience to them she retreated, proffering me, by way of adieu, a salam, from which my very soul recoiled, indicating, as it did, as much of the audacity of low and habitual vice, as derision of the unhappy wretch who—oh, heaven!—owned his existence to *her*!

I hastened on, eager to quit a spot which had witnessed *such* a scene. Presently Shaik

Emaum overtook me, and began to extenuate his own share in her appearance. He enlarged on his compassion for *my mother*,—how much she had written of me, and thought of me,—how far she had travelled to gladden her eyes with a look upon me,—how she had watched me at sun-rise and at sun-set, whenever I quitted my father's house, and how from a distance she had rejoiced to view me when she dared not venture to approach me. It was very true, he said, that the General would be greatly angry at her leaving Poonah, because he had commanded her never to quit that place, where, indeed, her friends, for the most part, resided. If I persisted in disclosing what had occurred, doubtless the sum allowed her would be withdrawn, and what then? She would die for want of rice, for who was to support her now when she was not young? For his own part, 'I was his father and his mother,'

and if *I* chose to take the bread from him, what could he do? He was an old servant of my father's, and he had watched over the days of my infancy; nevertheless, these were small matters, and if I chose to reveal the part he had acted in my meeting with *my mother*, what was he that he should stay me? He could live or starve, it mattered little, just as I pleased; how could he avoid what was his fate? *Bis m'Allah!*

To the General my lips were sealed; never afterwards did they divulge to human heart that which was perhaps the most cruel, the most humiliating, scene of my existence. There was not one point connected with it on which I could dwell with satisfaction. I was not even supported by the consciousness of having done right. I was tormented by doubts of what were the absolute requirements of duty in a case like mine, to which all I had heard of



presented no parallel. Surely *I* had no right to assume the character of the judge of her who had given me birth, or the attributes of the punisher of her crime! What knew I of her wants, what of her affections? Debased, abject, criminal, as she was, how dared I act on my conjectures that she felt none of those yearnings after her own offspring, which I should not have ventured to doubt in the breast of the most degraded woman of the people amongst whom my youth had been spent? Debased in intellect, in principle, she might be; but was it for *my* hand to fling the stone of condemnation? What, if she had indeed been prompted by the unfathomable longings of maternal instinct to seek the presence of her first-born? how could I endure to reflect that I had rudely repulsed the overflowings of that natural affection which had animated her to encounter all the fatigue and the perils of the

weary journey she had performed? Her farewell! the memory of that withering, parting look, was the counteracting influence that rendered the retrospect of my part in our interview supportable. As often as the expression of her retreating countenance came before me, I felt that I had done wisely; that, whatever might have been the motives impelling her to seek me, the tenderness of a mother's heart had neither part nor lot in the matter.

But why dwell on conflicts which were my incessant companions during my solitary journey to Bolarum? Let me rather pass over that weary interval, until I assumed the duties which my new position forced on me.

Under the most favourable circumstances, a military life would never have been my choice. Animating as are all the details of its active adventures, I had never been blind to the monotony that must necessarily pervade

the existence of a man attached to what may be called a peace-establishment. The eternal succession of drills and parades, without "end or aim;" the restraint to which inclination, habit, even convenience, must necessarily be submitted; the implicit obedience to an individual, to whom it was perhaps irksome to pay even the slightest deference of external respect; the complete absence of the necessity of thought and reflection, when the perfection of discipline is the passiveness of a machine; all had a tendency to depress the best aspirations of the mind, and, by depriving intellect of any impetus to exertion, to crush its energies. The only alleviation to such an existence would have been the society of congenial companions, and under my unfortunate circumstances I had no prospect of meeting with such. Those between whom and myself the similar condition of our birth established an

apparent bond of union had generally been educated entirely in India, and were ignorant of even the first elements of European literature, manners, and morals. *As a class*, none could be more debased; they seemed animated by a universal desire of justifying the contempt with which they were regarded, and of illustrating in their own persons the truth, that they were not only unredeemed, but unredeemable. I could hardly deem it unjust that I was excluded from *equal* association with the higher classes of English officers in my neighbourhood, since the conduct of those of whom I seemed *one* not only excused but demanded such exclusion. Of the female part of the class, some were the wives of British gentlemen, and to their tables I might have had constant access. In a short time, however, the invitations which, from curiosity, or perhaps the better motive of hoping for the existence

of higher virtues amongst female half-castes, I had accepted, were declined as often as common courtesy permitted me to follow the bent of my inclination. Alas ! how have I deplored the truth of an assertion so frequently made by the proud youth of unadulterated western origin, that no man *can* form a union with one of these women without deteriorating in intellect, in morals, in manners ! How many an evidence of its correctness might be culled from the annals of private life in India !

The *only* flower that bloomed in the desert of my existence, was the access I found to the domestic society of Colonel Hargrave, then commanding the Hyderabad force. A letter from General Vane had first obtained for me the honour of his notice, and possibly the circumstances of my English education, and the turn of mind and thought consequent on the long period I had spent in Europe, under the

influence of prospects likely to extend its duration through my life, secured its continuance. Never can I recall the hours spent in his house, even before the time when they became so inexpressibly dear to me, without feelings of the deepest gratitude. Yes, blighted as all my hopes are, and proceeding in some measure from *his* hand, as the wreck of all my dearest affections has done, I cannot but do justice to a man so deserving of the highest reverence. A brave soldier, an accomplished gentleman, an honourable man, a pious christian—what a union of admirable qualities! Unblemished himself, and so lenient in his judgment of the errors of others; so intellectual, and yet so tolerant of the dulness to which he was daily exposed; so admirable an officer, yet so forbearing when the offence was of no graver character than the waywardness of youth, or the infirmity of nature; so dignified, yet gentle

in rebuke; so warm and sincere in praise—never, in my path through life, have I seen the man of whom I could say, *he* transcends the excellence of Colonel Hargrave.

He loved England, but prudence compelled his prolonged sojourn in India, and when I was first introduced to his acquaintance, Mrs. Hargrave was daily expected to return from England with their only daughter, whose guardianship had been the object of her voyage home.

They arrived, the mother and daughter. She, Helen Hargrave, was an inmate in the house of her father. Redolent with all the graces of youth and joy,—pure of heart and holy in feeling, as those should be who are nurtured in the island-home of the west; beautiful as the morning-star, refreshing as the morning-dew; innocent of all the prejudices imbibed in the east; hardly conscious of any



distinction between man and man, except as between ignorance and knowledge, vulgarity and intellect, baseness and honour ; she beamed upon my path as a light from heaven which could never lead astray.

How long, how deeply, I loved her, before I was even dreaming of the nature of the attachment she excited ! I wrapped my spirit in the delusion that my gratitude for the friendship and countenance of Colonel Hargrave not only permitted, but demanded, that I should look on his daughter with feelings far deeper than ordinary mortals are wont to excite. Alas ! I suspected not that already *to me* Helen Hargrave stood out in her individual self as apart from, and unconnected with, all besides in this lower world ; that, as far as regarded *her*, the existence of her father was never remembered by me ; that the deep, the absorbing sentiment *she* had excited, was wholly

distinct from every other feeling that had affected my soul; that gratitude, friendship, all faded, withered, beneath its intense power. Except in her presence, all existence was to me a memory and a hope. The present *was not*. My consciousness dwelt on what she *had* said and done, or my expectation on what she was yet to do. Love, in its purest burning idolatry, engrossed me; *undivided—first love*.

Absorbed in the ardour of my passion, I never contemplated its ultimate results. I had no thought for a remote future. I had surrendered my whole being so completely to the influence of Helen, that I had not even analyzed what precise effect I contemplated from our present uncontrolled intercourse. Satisfied with the intense enjoyment which the daily sight of her imparted, the possibility of our separation had not, for a moment, darkened my spirit. If I had indulged any definite hope of making

her wholly and absolutely my own, that would have had the effect of rousing me to a sense of the reality of the circumstances which surrounded me. The attentions she received from others appeared an homage naturally due to the transcendent graces and excellence that enthralled me. Her courtesy to her father's guests never defrauded me of her sweetest smile, her softest accents. I had no fear of rivals, because, as I have said, my feelings were vague in everything but their tenderness; I was without jealousy, because I never witnessed in her any exhibitions of preference which, by alarming, would have enlightened me. My love was as unmingled with alloy as any passion that ever warmed the human heart.

It is not surprising that the watchful affection of a mother was the first to awaken to a sense of alarm for the worldly welfare of the one being in whom centred all her cares, all

her hopes. If her utter disbelief of the possibility that her daughter's affections *could* decline upon a wretch whose natural inheritance was shame had so long lulled suspicion to sleep, her convictions were but the stronger, and her resolution the more vigorous.

One morning, I called at the house of Colonel Hargrave with a collection of Chinese paintings which Helen had expressed a desire of seeing ; I found the Colonel alone, and was grieved at the evident depression of spirits which mingled with his kind greeting: beyond this commiseration I was not agitated by one feeling of alarm or apprehension. After sitting a few minutes I enquired for the ladies, and felt somewhat indignant on hearing that they were gone to the Residency for the day, because I was punctual in appearing at the precise hour which Helen herself had appointed for our meeting.

I am sure my countenance expressed how much I was disconcerted. Colonel Hargrave rose, and asked me to walk with him into his private apartment.

My heart at that instant first entertained a vague foreboding, that its cup of bliss was to be tasted no more. I obeyed the invitation with a trembling anticipation that I and happiness were about to part for ever. The Colonel closed the door as I entered, and invited me to sit near him.

He was silent for some seconds, apparently unwilling to commence a task enforced on him. He rose, and paced the room several times, whilst my eye was fixed on him, endeavouring to penetrate the workings of his mind. As soon as our glances met, he paused and stood before me.

"Vane," said he, in a low subdued voice, "I have but one child, the hopes, the pro-

spects of the last of a far-descended line centre in her."

He paused — I held my very breathing in dread of that which was yet to be said.

He paced the apartment again to nerve his resolution, before he addressed me. "Far be it from me," he said, "you will do me the justice to believe it *is* far from me, to mention to you, as matter of reproach, those unfortunate circumstances of your birth, which, whatever they involve, leave you at least guiltless. Unhappily the punishment of error often extends far beyond those who actually perpetrate it. During the period of our intercourse I have sedulously endeavoured to stifle the voice of those prejudices which, you are aware, are entertained by *all* Europeans resident in India, even by those who are the parents or the partners of — of — half-castes; forgive the term; you know how general is its use here.



What shall I say? Do not think that I am tender of myself in this distressing business. Believe me, I feel that if an impartial person were to sit in judgment on all those concerned in the matter, I should probably be deemed the most culpable. Even now perhaps—but no; you, Vane, at least will not think my interference premature; you know well with what sentiments you have regarded my only child!”

I covered my face with my hands, as if, in daring to lift up my eyes—my hopes—to the pure and lovely object of my idolatry, I had committed an offence for which I ought to blush even in the presence of her father!

“Be not distressed,” he resumed; “I interpret your silence, as if to any but one blind as myself there needed other interpreters than your looks, your language, for weeks past! How could it have been otherwise?”



Was it in youth and intellect to associate constantly, daily, with Helen Hargrave, and to remain insensible to all those graces and endowments which make her the pride of her father?—In one word, Vane, you love, and Helen—it is sufficient, that, for both your sakes, you must meet no more !”

I looked up at him with a strange mingling of feelings. Why, in that moment of despair, was I sensible to the ecstasy of being beloved by Helen?—of understanding from her father’s avowal that a creature so bright, so gifted, participated the love which devoured me?

“ Yes,” he repeated calmly, “ Helen Hargrave and you must meet no more ! Nurtured as I have been in all the, perhaps faulty, prejudices of birth, were you possessed of all the treasures of the East, you never could be the husband of my child ! It is not my wish unnecessarily to afflict you, but, for *her* sake, for

*yours*, it behoves me to speak explicitly. I would not give my daughter to the unlawful son of the proudest monarch of the earth ! And, in the *double* stigma which the conventions of society attach to — my poor boy, check this afflicting agitation !—believe that you are not the only person who requires pity now !”

I endeavoured to subdue my emotions, and perhaps a proud thought that, in my own peculiar individuality, I was not altogether unworthy of Helen, might not have been utterly scorned by her father, aided me to regain the appearance of composure. As soon as I was able, I hastened to speak.

“ I acknowledge the justice of your decision, Colonel Hargrave,” I said ; “ there exists not on the earth a being more deeply sensible than myself of the inexpiable stain that attends my birth. I was but lately awakened to a con-

sciousness of it. In the happier years of my youth, in the home where I was so carefully cherished in England, I felt not, dreamed not, the extent of the degradation to which I was born. That I *have* loved—that I *do* love—your daughter passionately, fondly, purely, I will not deny; it will be the pride of my future life that I was not insensible to those high endowments which exalt her so immeasurably above the rest of her sex. And yet, Colonel, in having lifted up my thoughts to her, I can hardly charge myself with presumption. So vague have been all my wishes, that I am not conscious whether at any one moment I fostered the vain hope of making her my wife. Satisfied with the enjoyment of her society, occupied by the absorbing delight of the present, I think I may assert that I never extended my views beyond the passing hour. If I *had* tutored my mind to more definite expect-

tations, perhaps this interference, which I am sure is painful to you, would have been unnecessary. Yes! believe me, I myself should have been the first to prevent her degradation; to have shielded her from participation in those unnumbered stings which render *my* existence a succession of pains. Miss Hargrave, Colonel, has nothing to fear from my pursuit; I shall carefully abstain from the indulgence of even a casual encounter with her. May she be happy in a union with one, whose name may bestow on her all the honour *she* can ever receive from any worldly distinction!"

Colonel Hargrave clasped my hand. "Alas! at that moment I could have spared such an evidence of his gratitude for the sacrifice I was offering up of the purest, the fondest, attachment that ever animated a human heart! "I thank you," said he, "with a father's deepest gratitude I thank you! If Heaven had per-

mitted that you had been of *any* origin but—but—*this*, I would have welcomed my son-in-law, as one whose alliance could have brought me only honour! As it is, it remains for me only to assure you, that you have in me a firm friend, who will exert his warmest efforts for your advantage; and to fulfil my pledge to Helen, that, before you departed, I would place this unopened in your hands."

He gave me a small sealed packet. Hardly making a sign of farewell, I returned to my own house, and, securing my chamber, opened the last token I ever received of *her* existence.

It was her own writing. I knew every flowing line of that delicate autograph. Long the letters swam in indistinctness before my eyes, and it was with a dizzy brain, a mind almost bewildered, that I read as follows:—

"My father has not opposed my desire—*my prayer* — to bid you a long farewell,—a

*farewell* of which no hope of future meeting alleviates the bitterness, — it is farewell for ever, Walter ! Yes, for the first, for the last time, I will address you by a name which my lips have never yet ventured to pronounce ! Much as our hearts have overleapt the barriers of society, at least we have restrained our speech to all the formality of its requirements. But now—now—in *this* moment surely the iron boundary of social conventions may be passed. Whilst I *feel* that you are *Walter*, I will call you so, above the whisper of my heart, as you, in the depths of yours, have thought of me only as *Helen* !

“ I was contented in your presence,—satisfied with your society, without a thought beyond to-day, undreaming of the future,—until another awakened me to a conviction of the nature of the—what shall I call it ?—the preference I was indulging ; I knew not that I

was standing on the brink of a precipice from which the downward leap was—oh, how fatal ! I have never heard from you the words, ‘*I love you, Helen !*’ and yet must I write to you as if all between us had been revealed by the ordinary methods of human intercourse. What need of declaration when all was so well understood without it ? You will not entrench yourself in pride behind this poor evasion, will you, Walter ? You will not say, the poor Helen was all too forward in interpreting actions and looks which signified nothing but cold esteem for her father’s daughter. No, my heart will not imagine such a treachery, and turns with impatience from the fears of my mother, which tremble for the possible humiliation of her child !

“Doubtless we shall be unhappy, Walter ; but let the same thought fortify *your* soul as supports mine : we have done no wrong,—we



have betrayed no trust ; if we have fallen into error, it was through ignorance of the abyss towards which our footsteps were wandering. We part for ever, and in this obedience to the mandates of imperative duty, we earn the only alleviation of which the pain of such a separation is susceptible. We cannot condemn, even in this our first agony, the resolution of my father ; you, as well as I, are sensible of the impossibility of our permanent union. Alas ! what has he to answer for, whose sin thus is the commencing point of a series of humiliations and sufferings, that must in a degree track the existence of the being called into existence by a father's crime !

“ Forgive—forgive, Walter, every word that can wound or depress you ! You know that there are few sufferings I would not undergo to spare you an hour's anguish. Pity the occasional bitterness of spirit which *will* display

itself, when all that *is* is too vividly contrasted with all that *might have been*!

“My letter has but one ostensible object, and yet I have written thus long without touching on it. I do not bid you forget me, but to think of me often, and with *kindness*. Love is crushed for ever from the pathway of my existence; may yours be more blessed! By the remembrance of all the hours we have spent together, I adjure you not to spurn the offers which my father's billet will submit to you. Let no false pride lead you to reject a kindness, which inflicts on him who proffers it neither privation nor inconvenience. Reflect, that it is not Colonel Hargrave, but *the father of Helen* whose exertions are to place you in a sphere more congenial to your habits and tastes than this strange world of India. Do not—do not add to my cup the only additional drop which can augment its bitterness. Ere you reject,

think that you are about to tear away the last illusion of hope which lingers about the existence of *Helen*."

How often this farewell was read,—how wept over, it boots not to think on. There was a short note accompanying it, which for hours was suffered to lie unheeded on my desk. When I opened it, I comprehended the extent of Helen's anxieties that I should not spurn the kindness of her father.

"Helen's note, my dear young friend, will have convinced you, that, however imperative may have been the causes which have compelled me to separate you, personal dislike was the sentiment the farthest in the world from mingling with them. If the sense of individual merit could, in any case, have led me to disregard the first,—perhaps the most rational,—of social prejudices, it would have done so in the instance which is at present inflicting so much

pain on all of us. Believe that next to the welfare of my child, *yours* is the first wish of my heart; and in saying thus much, I feel myself bound, by every means in my power, to promote it. Your education, your prolonged residence in England, your peculiar tastes, combine to render India the place in the world least likely to afford you such happiness as may be reasonably expected in the course of human existence. My interest in England has been so long dormant, from the absence of any efficient stimulus to its exertion, that I have a long arrear of claims on the favourable attention of many influential persons at home. I have sufficient influence with General Vane to ensure his approbation of your proceeding immediately to Calcutta on leave, of your subsequent resignation of the Nizam's service, and consequent embarkation for England. His paternal desire for your happiness and respecta-

bility, both of which will, I am confident, be materially advanced by this step, will be a powerful motive with him to advance the funds necessary to enable you to adopt this plan. I shall not so far anticipate his refusal, as to say, that should it occur, *I* at least will be ready to meet all your wants. The General may have erred,—may be severe,—but in this instance I venture to assert that he will be *just*. He will rejoice in the certainty of such a position for you in England as will place you in a rank befitting *his son*, and secure such a permanent provision as cannot be calculated on from the chances of the service to which you are at present attached. May you enjoy all the happiness your high qualities so abundantly merit !”

Yes ;—Helen read me rightly. My first resolution was an indignant refusal to accept aught from him who withheld from me all I

coveted on earth. Helen! the sacrifice of pride, at least, was deserved by thee, and it was made!

I am at Calcutta. Even now yonder vessel has weighed anchor, and is dropping about for her passengers. Another hour, and I shall have left for ever the land in which every blessed vision of youth has melted away! With a spirit bowed down by incessant humiliations, a heart seared by the most bitter disappointment, a judgment warped by the constant sense of suffering for the crime of another, a spirit indignant at those conventions of society which reason nevertheless pronounces most hallowed—whatever may be my subsequent fate, whatever my future elevation, shall I for one moment forget that the burning brand of shame has marked me—that I am under the withering curse of illegitimacy—a half-caste!

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF  
A DEBUTANTE.

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DECEMBER 16th . . . . A month at sea, and three weeks' sickness! What can recompense such sufferings?—Yes, the remembrance of all I have escaped, checks complaint, or at least it ought to check every murmur! One of the seven Miss Wimples! What a misfortune to inherit the privilege of being lost in a crowd! Mamma's observation, that very few men in the present age would venture to attack "*Jane Maria*," the *fifth* Miss Wimple, was really very correct. Happily in India I shall



be the *only* Miss Wimple, and, atrocious as the name itself is, thank Heaven there is some chance of changing it ! I meant to write a very regular diary for the amusement of comparing the present with the future, or rather, as it will then be, the past with the present. But, monotonous as life at sea is said to be, there is always something to engage one's attention ; and to write whilst the fit of sickness lasts is indeed utterly impossible. Moreover, I am not yet inured to all the varieties of motion to which this bulky floating mansion is subject ; to write, therefore, is not quite so easy a matter as a mere landsman might be tempted to pronounce it.

19th. I have now been some days at the cuddy-table, and I have looked with a very critical eye on the portion of the male sex assembled round it. Some are married, and of the unmarried, what an assemblage ! cadets,

unmannerly and over-juvenile; writers, pert and—to use that expressive Scotch phrase,—*prejinke*—too full of themselves to bestow a thought on any other human being—these constitute the great majority of my associates. Two or three subalterns are more likely subjects, though one would hardly be tempted to experiment on them, except as a *pis-aller*. However, *nous verrons*.

23rd. Really it is almost possible to make something of this Mr. Althorp, subaltern as he is. He is a very presentable person, and as a field-officer would be much above the class of endurables. I thought once or twice I detected him gazing on my face with an expression in his own certainly indicative of anything rather than disapprobation. It is some consolation to find that I am not entirely thrown away here, and it might be worth while to try the effect of my powers of attraction on this youth, not

only by way of experiment but practice. I do not *much* admire our captain, the *skipper* as they call him. I am told not to be too fastidious, but to put up with some vulgarity, in consideration of the excellent table he furnishes. It is by no means my intention to display any of this aforesaid fastidiousness, my present policy certainly being to sustain the *rôle* of an agreeable.

January 6th. Really a fortnight has passed on without my taking "note of time." I certainly like Althorp *tolerably*; but it is so difficult to keep him in play without committing myself, which would be extremely imprudent. I know mamma would be excessively shocked if I were to make a match of this kind on my very *debut* in India. After a year's trial, a period after which a girl's case there may, I am told, be considered nearly hopeless, Althorp would be very well, if I could but manage mat-

ters so as to be sure of him then.—“There’s the rub !”

12th. Our society is divided into two parties, the civil and military ; a division, by the way, which I hear exists throughout India. The former is headed by Mrs. Vernon, the wife of a judge ; the latter by Mrs. Colonel Harley ; I meant to stand neuter, but by some unaccountable means, Althorp has drawn me over to enlist under the banners of Mrs. Harley, and to look daggers at all the allies of Mrs. Vernon. The captain has rendered himself extremely obnoxious by showing on every occasion a preference for the *civil* party—a proceeding *he* considers excellent policy, as he fancies it will secure him the patronage of the most influential part of the community. It is curious that some of the military on board are decided *Vernonites* ; I suppose it may be traced to the operation of the same principle.

After all, the rivalry is rather amusing, and serves admirably well *pour passer le temps*.

20th. *We*, the military, have issued a newspaper, intending to circulate one weekly. It is an admirable vehicle for satire and covert attacks; I wonder what the captain thought of the leading article? I know Althorp is the author, although he has not confessed it to me; I can trace him in every line; and I have heard so many of his indignant remarks on the enormities permitted by the captain amongst some of the juniors on board, that I have not a doubt to whom it is to be attributed. Of course I say nothing, as it is explicitly understood that the editor only is to be aware of the author of the several articles. I shall copy here what most struck me; it will hereafter serve at least as a memento of—*a flirtation*.

*“Hints to Indians about to make the voyage  
Home.*

“Be not deluded by the impression that the first requisites of a pleasant voyage, are a swift-sailing ship and a sumptuous table; or that a string of exalted names ensures good society or even decorum. It would be well if captains of trading vessels remembered not only that they are to exhibit decency of manners themselves, but are absolutely bound, in their capacity of *masters of the house*, to enforce correct conduct in all their passengers. The principle of non-interference, which some consider their wisest policy, is not an error only, but a selfish desire of securing the approbation of all parties; and indeed, in certain cases, this desire may be deemed criminal. From a table which numbers amongst its guests refined and elegant females, deprived of their natural protectors, the slightest latitude of

conversation ought to be rigorously excluded ; the president of it ought to feel that he owes more to female delicacy than to rank ; and that it is his duty to check licentious remarks, even if they be uttered by a *peer*. He is *bound* to exercise such a degree of *surveillance*, as shall secure his passengers of the gentler sex from the assaults of vulgar ribaldry and coarse profligacy. A gentlewoman ought to be protected from the *possibility* of having her ears assailed by the orgies of the juniors amongst the male part of the passengers, and by such unrestrained conversation as would not be ventured upon even within the precincts of a well-regulated boarding-house. It is atrocious in a man to affect to shut his eyes on enormities of which he so well knows the existence, and to interpose no shield between the delicacy of a virtuous woman and the profligacy of unmannerly young men. He owes more to the dig-



nity of virtue than to the power of rank, and he ought to learn, that the patronage of the latter offers no equivalent to the indignation raised, in every manly breast, at the insults sustained by the latter when under his protection.

“Why the table of a ship should be a theatre for the display of ill-breeding, and a disregard of all the regulations by which civilized society exists elsewhere, is an enigma which not *Œdipus* could solve. Why, presuming on the weakness, the ignorance, or the vice, of two or three half-educated women, profligacy should overleap the boundaries of restraint, and expose its unutterable grossness to others pure as the unsullied snow, and possibly of high mental cultivation, may be explained by the propensity of human nature to evil, which, ‘*paullo momento HUC impel- litur.*’ But the commander of a vessel can

check these abominations, and if he refrain from exerting the *salutary* influence of his position, from the apprehension of weakening his interest with the offenders, it were to be wished that he felt his incompetency to become the temporary guardian of unprotected women, and made his vessel the vehicle for such only as had an assurance of safety in the presence of husbands or fathers." . . . . .

"BRAVO!" was the "acclaim" of all *our* party when the article was read. The captain was not present, but I am quite sure he is well aware of all that passes—greatly to the discredit of his discretion for—certainly "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

14th February.—What an idiot Althorp is, after all! to take advantage of this day, the much-hackneyed Saint Valentine, to send me a regular declaration! so formal and explicit too as to render evasion impossible! If this

be the right rule of military proceeding, commend me to it ! Heaven and mamma forgive me ! I feel terribly out of sorts when I avow that, being taken by surprise, I had nothing left for it but to accept the wretch ! I think he has grown uglier and more disagreeable ever since. A subaltern, forsooth ! However, if all I have heard of India, be true, his means are ample ; and, as to rank, why that comes in time. As he himself observes, gray hairs are the only qualification essentially necessary for your colonel, and the youngest cadet of the army has a right to calculate on that sublime rank and all the honours thereunto appertaining.

20th.—I have had a good many conversations with Althorp, and he does not seem to consider India *quite* the paradise of this earth. I wish I knew a little more about it. It is astonishing how little the British public generally understand concerning this the most extensive, and

perhaps the most important, of their colonies. Mrs. Vernon seems to sneer amazingly when I and Althorp are pacing the deck arm-in-arm. I am sure I shall hate the whole class of civilians heartily, if this woman be at all a fair specimen of their merits. Althorp warns me to expect no great amiability amongst them, and congratulates himself incessantly that, his regiment being in the field, he is little likely to come within the sphere of them at present. After all, perhaps, I have been too hasty in deciding with regard to Althorp; and mamma was so indefatigable in warning me not to get into an entanglement on board. Sometimes I wish—however, there is a fate in these things, and who can withstand it?—If Sophia comes out, I shall not forget to warn her against similar folly. What could possess me!

28th. I think Althorp has a worse temper than I suspected. He cannot endure that I

should even appear, far less *be*, interested with any man's conversation but his own. I wish he would understand that he does not quite monopolize all the wit and wisdom of this goodly world, and if he *will* be less agreeable than other people, he must expect to find his presence less courted. I have a great mind to quarrel with him. However, it is lucky that I have it in my power to manage that at any time. Feeling that I am within reach of freedom, I can be contented to wear my shackles a little longer. *Shackles?* what a word! To be sure there is no necessity for disguising matters in my own journal, and after all they *are* shackles. Just fourteen days since I accepted him! I fear, after all, I am naturally inconstant. Am I *quite* certain that I ever cared the least in the world for Althorp? A ship is a bad place for an unoccupied heart. It is too much within the power of "circumstance,

blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving."

March 5th.—Thank Heaven it is all off between Althorp and me. He gave himself so many ridiculous airs, because I persisted in repeating some favourite passages from Lalla Rookh to Mr. Marden, who is only about twice as handsome, clever, and agreeable, as himself, and in the *civil* service to boot. I told him, that of all the dramatic characters I recollected, that of Abomelique was least to my taste, and, if he thought fit to enact it constantly, it struck me that we were not so perfectly suited to each other as might be desirable. He made me a low bow, and expressed his cordial acquiescence, whereupon a final adieu followed of course. He showed more spirit on the occasion than I exactly anticipated, and I thought he looked better than I had ever before seen him, as he turned away from me. Thus ends *flirtation the first*.

20th.—Mr. Marden is a stupid brute. I overheard him mimicking my style and manner to a crowd of Cadets this morning. The wretch!—I wish we were landed. Althorp never speaks to me, and the days are insufferably dull—all twin-brothers—I detest the sea. This has been a most tedious voyage, hardly diversified even by a gale.

April 2nd.—Three days since I landed at Madras. What a picturesque effect the place has, as the ship nears the land! How unlike the dark mass of smoky buildings which constitutes mighty London. There was a terrific surf when I left the ship; however, the Mussoolah boat carried me safely through it. Another curious little boat rowed alongside of us, looking merely like two planks, called a catamaran; in answer to my inquiry, why it kept so near us, I received the agreeable intelligence, that it was to pick up the passengers



of the Mussoolah boat, in case of accidents, which are of frequent occurrence. No wonder, when one looks at the foaming surf. I was very much delighted with the picturesque appearance of the Asiatics, in their variety of turbans and garb altogether. The houses of the purest white, standing in gardens, and surrounded by cocœa and palmira trees, have a very imposing effect. A carriage was in waiting for me on the beach, intelligence of my arrival having been conveyed to my brother and sister-in-law, as soon as the ship anchored. I quite expected to have entered a palanquin, and was rather disappointed in finding a fine English barouche in attendance. My brother says, I shall have quite enough of palanquin travelling before I have been many years in India, and he advises me to be in no haste to commence. They certainly have a very novel effect, as the bearers run along with them,

uttering a wild, but not very displeasing cry. My European feelings were somewhat shocked to see the men under the poles, but I am told no class of the Indian community are more contented with their station than palanquin boys, or have, generally, an easier life. "Pity an English porter," said my brother. "These men are well paid, well fed, and two-thirds of their time idle. A labourer in England has incomparably a harder life than the most laborious Indian you are ever likely to see, and considering their relative wants, not a tithe of the means of supplying them. Before Englishmen rave about improving the condition of these Asiatics, let them bestir themselves to increase the comforts of their teeming population at home." I do not understand the subject, but I confess this sounds strangely to my ears at present.

5th.—Since my arrival we have had daily a bevy of morning visitors, all evidently bent on

ascertaining the precise dimensions of the *debutante*. How soon one detects the want of cordiality existing between the two services,—civil and military ! They seem perpetually at issue on points of precedence, a thing so often entirely overlooked in the best English society. My brother, being a barrister, and of course belonging to neither party, may be considered as nearly impartial as any man can be, taking into account that everybody is influenced in a degree by private partialities and personal friendships. He says the root of the evil is, that the civil servant is *overpaid*, the military *underpaid*, and, until the loaves and fishes are more equally distributed, arrogance on the one side, and jealousy on the other, will always exist. I have seen some of all sorts, and I shall endeavour to paint their portraits here, that I may not forget what were my first impressions.

Imagine an Indian dandy !—The affectations

of fine people at home are mere matter-of-fact, common, sensible proceedings, in comparison with the caricature PELHAMISMS exhibited here. I write under the immediate influence of a visit from one of this most detestable species, just arrived from a remote station. Imagine a man, tall as one of the Brobdignags, with an immense shock-head of red hair, and freckled so closely that not even a musquito can set its foot in the intervals between the spots. Behold him entering the room, stride—stride—stride,—stretching himself to his utmost latitude on a chair, and the conversation commences.

“Have you had a pleasant march?”

“Why, for a bore of the kind, much as usual, I believe.”

“Rather warm towards its termination, I apprehend.”

“Why, rather much so.”

A pause—during which my sister-in-law fidgets amazingly, being unable to produce any thing *fine* enough for the occasion. To excuse the unseasonable silence, she remarks that “the excessive heat of the weather, has a strong tendency to make people dull and stupid.”

“Yes; ’tis impossible to talk. Snoring is the only tolerable way of getting through the twenty-four hours.”

I stared, and *I fancy*, blushed. My sister-in-law only smiled, and changed the subject.

“You are last from ——?” she inquired.

“Is it a pleasant station?”

“It might have been, but unfortunately, when the world was pronounced *good* —— escaped notice,”—the jest, however, was rather more profane than I can persuade myself to transcribe.

My sister-in-law tried another *détour*.

"I wish we heard of a ship's arriving. We are sadly in want of new books. The 'Water-witch' was amongst the last, and, I suppose in England, by this time, it is almost out of date."

"Ah!—possibly. I never read books. As William Pitt said, I read men. Books spoil the eyes, and are besides amazingly stupid,—nine times out of ten a perfect bore. I don't patronize books."

I pitied my sister-in-law, who by this time was evidently at fault. I took courage, therefore, and rushed to the rescue.

"Have you heard on what evening we are to have the pleasure of witnessing this amateur performance so much talked of?"

"Really no; it is quite beyond me. They can't act here, I believe."

I was silenced. My sister, grateful for my attempted aid, came to my relief.

"Have you heard that the Subsidiary Force

of Jalnah is ordered to hold itself in readiness to march at an hour's notice?"

"A complete hoax, upon my honour! They said there was a row somewhere;—idle people exhaust their dulness in inventions of this kind. They serve to pass away the time."

"My intelligence comes from the department of the Quarter-master-general, and I am tempted to put some faith in it, I assure you."

"Perhaps that troublesome old fellow, the Nizam, is dying, and the rascals may give us some annoyance. I have no objection. One is sure of two or three line steps at least, in case of a row, and moreover, I have a Captain with the force. I wish the other four were with him. How distressingly hot! Why don't you use a punkah? Have the doors closed by all means,—good morning!" and the coxcomb bowed himself out.

"A specimen of a class not very uncommon,"



said my sister-in-law. "The man is so possessed with a conviction of the extent of his own attractions, that he will not think it necessary to have recourse to stratagem in the step he meditates. He will think to carry *you* by a *coup-de-main*; expect his proposal to-morrow."

6th.—It has been made. Rejected of course. It is curious that ridicule always attends a man here who meets with a misfortune of this kind. In the barbarous *patois* into which the English residents fall in this part of the world, they call it, "getting a *juwaub*," or "being *juwaubed*." I was really rejoiced to inflict the mortification in the present instance.

9th.—With all his feeling for the military, my brother has persuaded me not to think of marrying into that class. He says, those who are high enough in the service to be eligible are too knowing to be caught, and the rest

of course one is better *without*. No girl who comes to this country unmarried needs affect to conceal her real object; every tongue declares it to be *matrimony*, and the idea of any other motive bringing a spinster to this land is deservedly scouted as absurd. I saw Althorp at a public ball given by the Governor last night. Luckily he did not dance in the same quadrille as myself;—avoidance therefore was easy. He was talking with an air of confidence to a group of *militaires*, and, by the direction of their eyes, I am pretty certain I was the subject of comment. With all my heart;—the venom of a subaltern can never reach *me*.

12th.—My brother has spoken to me on the subject of my unfortunate flirtation with Althorp. He has convinced me that its indiscretion was unpardonable. It appears that it is now furnishing the nine days' wonder of the

Presidency. I find that the intelligence did not proceed from Althorp, but from two or three of the other passengers. How impertinent! I suppose Althorp has furnished a commentary on the text. What a stupid thing is an entanglement on board!

14th.—Althorp called on my brother this morning. How very presumptuous! Luckily an order had been issued for a "*not at home*." My sister has now given a general direction never to admit *that gentleman* when he is at the door. "Suppose, ma'am," said the butler, "plenty palanquin, plenty carriage, all stand in the compound, how can I say, *mistress not at home*, suppose one gentleman come?" What a stupid wretch! My sister had great difficulty in making the man understand, that it was quite as desirable to offend the Saib in question as to conciliate him. By the by, when we reprove a native for his habitual dis-

regard of truth, I wonder our conscience never admonishes us of the fatal force of *example*!

15th.—A grand ball given by the Honourable Mr. —, one of the Members of Council. A very gay affair, if not pre-eminently elegant. What a pity that some spirit of the air does not whisper to the ladies of this presidency that finery is not fashion, and that a profusion of jewels and elegance are not always compatible. It is astonishing that, in a climate where very few people *can* eat, the board should groan under such a hecatomb of offerings to the appetite. I suppose it is intended to satisfy the eye, since it is not necessary that any other organ should be gratified. My brother whispered to me at supper, that Mrs. —, the wife of a distinguished military official, *and*—a half-caste, was decidedly *bosky*! Gracious heaven! what a state of society! When I expressed my astonishment, my brother whis-

pered that an initiation at Cheltenham would have prepared me for the enormities of India. Alas, the times are changed! My father was then too affluent to send me to that emporium of Indians, and deemed not that my lot was to be cast amongst them. CHELTENHAM for the daughter of a man of fashion and fortune! —Ye gods!

19th.—Three offers of marriage. Girls who wear the willow, or are *un peu passées*, should emigrate to these eastern regions without loss of time. It is astonishing what a dearth of females exists in the market at this moment. Yet there are one or two extant, who have exhibited themselves these five years without success. But what horrors are they! I am told that if they were to travel to the up-country stations, even *they* would escape the sorrows of celibacy. *Revenons à nos moutons*. My adorers of to-day were a captain of cavalry,

an assistant judge, and an old Member of Council. If I ever allowed *taste* to guide me, I should hardly have dismissed the first; but, in the nineteenth century, women are too wise to submit the reins of prudence to the guidance of passion. The second was a man who, though not so committed as to be out of society, is at least under suspicion, and certainly not eligible for a debutante: with regard to the third there was more hesitation. My sister-in-law openly advocated his cause,—spoke of the pleasures of precedence, and the delights procurable by wealth. My brother was silent, which with him may be construed always into tacit consent. However, I could *not* bring myself to accept him, having three insurmountable objections, — age, person, and manner. When he has provided himself with an entire change on these points, I may bring myself to think I have acted unwisely; but *not* till *then*.



I can understand now the meaning of the allegory that Jupiter gained Danaë in the shape of a *golden shower*. It has found an entrance into towers quite as inaccessible otherwise as her's.

May 20th.—No advantageous *partie* as yet. I should have thought I had plenty of time before me, but my sister-in-law seems to be of a very different opinion. Perhaps she finds my presence a restraint on the indulgence of her own peculiar tastes. My brother always recals to me a verse in Genesis, "Now Moses was the meekest man on the face of the earth." This is a distinction which, I hope, will never be possessed by *my* husband.

June 1st.—How tired I am of journalizing at this dreadful season! If it were not for the timely rains of the *little* monsoon, as people call it in distinction from the *great* monsoon at the end of the year, it seems as if the dry



and parched earth would be burnt up. Yet I am told this is not the most unhealthy season. That occurs when, after the rains, vegetation decays, and the air is filled with noisome exhalations.

6th.—My rejected swain, the Member of Council, gave a splendid entertainment this day, to which the very *élite* of the Presidency were invited. It is a pity he is so exceedingly disagreeable, for I have not seen a better conducted establishment since I came to this country. How much deference his rank obtains! Indeed all the homage paid him must be attributed to that alone, for he has no *personal* claim to it. Althorp is, I think, my evil genius. He was present on this occasion, and the expressive sneer on his very detestable face made me receive the attentions which my *antique* lover was profuse in bestowing on me, with ten-fold greater pleasure. It is something

to feel one'sself queen of a fête, let who may be the donor. I cannot help fancying that I shared the deference paid to our host. After all, perhaps I am too fastidious, and he may not be so *inordinately* disgusting.

19th.—I find the whole Presidency expects a union between me and my antique. My brother admonishes me, that the manner in which I accepted his attentions at the gala absolutely given to *me* has fully committed me in the eyes of every prudent person. My sister-in-law hints that Althorp's affair, already so much talked of, will receive ten-fold corroboration from my coquetry in the present instance. I meant *nothing*, I swear. However—

25th.—No; I cannot submit to be shunned by the whole male community as a professed jilt, and, after all, women have married men a hundred times more disagreeable than this, on less temptation; and, as my sister-in-law *insi-*

nuates, not asserts, the *second* chance is always worth something.

29th.—I have accepted this *honourable* old man! Well, I must go through with it now. Adieu, my journal! I shall never have courage to write another page. Talk of the abominations of the Suttee, indeed!—What is *that* sacrifice to *this*?

*A very capital, elegant, journal  
keeping and writing a volume*

THE PUNISHMENT.

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“IN a word, Mr. Lumley,” said Colonel Ferrarton to his Adjutant, “I beg I may be importuned no more on this subject ; my mind is quite made up ; the discipline of the corps is going to ruin, sir, and an example *must* be made. We are already marked at army headquarters, and my first object is to retrieve the character of the regiment.”

“Doubtless, sir ; but justice,” the Adjutant was beginning — “*Justice!*” interrupted the Colonel. “You will not, I trust, Mr. Lumley, so far forget the respect due to me as your

commanding officer, as to insinuate that I am unjust. What in the name of common sense would you have, sir? I gave the man a court-martial; the investigation of the charges against him has occupied two days. I trust you will allow that it has been a patient and able one. And what has been the result? His guilt has been unquestionably established, and sentence has been passed on him, which will assuredly be carried into effect to-morrow morning, at a quarter past gun-fire precisely."

"Pardon me, sir; not I think *unquestionably* established," persisted Mr. Lumley. "If such had been my opinion, I had not intruded so perseveringly as his intercessor. I doubt not you have carefully read the minutes of the evidence recorded, and have detected the glaring discrepancies in the statements made by the two principal witnesses for the prosecution. Those two witnesses also, it must be remem-

bered, have long been at open enmity with the prisoner, and the vindictive spirit of a Mussulmaum will lead him greater lengths in its gratification than *perjury* ; a crime of such daily occurrence in this benighted land that it has, as you are well aware, almost ceased to be odious amongst the natives."

"I can hear no more, sir," said Colonel Ferrarton impatiently. "I conclude the court have had sufficient opportunity of investigating all the particulars of the case, and their sentence, as I have said before, is sufficient evidence of the effect produced on their minds."

"I cannot even yet give up the point," replied Mr. Lumley earnestly. "Let me implore you to reflect for an instant on the prejudices of the Rajpoot caste, and to consider that Cassee Sing's haughty refusal to make any defence left his judges no choice in their decision. I think you will find this circum-



stance insisted on in *their* recommendation of him to your mercy. His former excellent character also cannot be entirely without weight, and, I confess, I am hardly surprised that one of his caste should disdain to rebut an accusation of theft, a charge that, it never would have occurred to my imagination, even his bitterest enemies would have ventured to prefer against him. His whole bearing is that of a proud brave man, who would never condescend to a base crime. There is that in him which convinces me, that, if once sunk in guilt, it will be of no ordinary dye."

"Theories of this kind, sir, are really, let me suggest to you, somewhat too vague to be received as counterbalancing direct and positive evidence," retorted Colonel Ferrarton superciliously. "When a man's physiognomy is to sway the opinion of his judge, the march of intellect will have brought us to a point



at which, I confess, I for one am not ambitious of arriving. A fine set of features will then be more than a mere letter of recommendation; they will be found to the full as serviceable as a letter of credit on any bank in Europe. But a truce to nonsense, for which I have neither leisure nor inclination! Have you seen this man,—the prisoner,—Cassee Sing as you call him?"

"I have, sir."

"Since his trial or before?"

"*Both!*—there was no order against it, I believe."

"Of course, not. However, I think you would have shown a sober discretion, to speak the least of it, by withholding so extraordinary an exhibition of the interest you take in this criminal. You have already, I believe, on more than one occasion, incurred unfavourable notice, not to use a stronger word, for similar conduct. Trust me, sir, the era for enlighten-

ing the natives has not yet arrived, and if it were, I fear you will find it almost beyond your powers to establish the golden age amongst them."

"My conduct, sir, such as it is, so far as regards the people of this country, has never yet inflicted one pang on my conscience, and until *its* voice sanctions the *unfavourable notice* to which you have been pleased to allude, I doubt whether I shall ever bring myself to regret any part of it. None knows better than yourself, sir, the source in which originated those representations that led to comments I cannot imagine I deserved, and as those censures were publicly retracted, and a stigma affixed on my accuser, pardon me if I venture to believe that even you, Colonel, on calm consideration, will be inclined to think that the allusion you have just made *might* have been forborne."

"Well, well, perhaps I was warm," re-

turned Colonel Ferrarton hastily, for he had tact enough to perceive he had somewhat exceeded the limits to which even military prerogative extends. "The fact is, Mr. Lumley, from some cause or other the men seem influenced by a conviction that, whatever may be the nominal positions in which you and I stand relatively to each other, you are in fact commandant, and *I* a cipher, placed at the head of the corps for ornament's sake only. Such a state of opinion, sir, is favourable to neither of us, and I have firmly resolved to remove the causes of it. I am made of somewhat sterner stuff than my predecessor, and, in one word, will not only *seem*, but *be*, commanding officer of my own regiment."

Mr. Lumley bowed, and *conquered* a smile.

"And what might be the nature of your last conference with Cassee Sing?" enquired Colonel Ferrarton. "Not, I trust, to inspire

him with any hope that your influence, great as it deservedly must be, would be sufficient to ensure his escape on this occasion?"

A flush passed over the young man's brow, either excited by the sneer or the insinuation of his superior. "My visits, sir, had no such object. Their purpose was a desire of ascertaining whether I could elicit from the man himself anything that could tend to throw a light on what I still must venture to consider a very intricate business."

"And your object was *not* gained?" said the Colonel, with an appearance of greater exultation than circumstances seemed to call for.

"I regret to say it was *not*. Cassee Sing appears to have folded himself in a gloomy resolution to bear all that may be inflicted without complaint; and, as he has disdained to *prove* the innocence he has asserted, to endure

every consequence of his refusal. I have long known the man, and I do not scruple to avow, that I have esteemed the strength of his character. Elevation of sentiment, sir, is not necessarily confined to people of a more westerly origin. In his present mood, I think him dangerous."

"What? Of power to excite a mutiny perhaps,—or to enact over again the Vellore tragedy?" said Colonel Ferrarton with a deeper sneer than before. "Dangerous as he may be, we will however venture to encounter him, and I almost suspect our weapons will be able to tame even that elevation of character which you so greatly admire. We will, with your permission, keep such a scrutiny over him as so doughty a hero may require at our hands, and find our safety in our caution. You will insert the order for a punishment parade of the regiment to-morrow morning, preceded of

course by the finding of the Court and the sentence. There is nothing more, to-day, Mr. Lumley: good morning to you, sir," and Lumley bowed and retired.

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The day broke; the gun had pealed, and the whole regiment was assembled. Lumley walked his charger to and fro in front of the line, and the cloud on his brow was visible to all. Many significant glances were exchanged amongst the sipahis, indicative of their conviction that this evident sadness originated in his sympathy with a favourite disgraced. They had not power to penetrate the deeper workings of Lumley's mind, — the ebb and flow of the un-resting tide that moves for ever in the human heart. *He* knew well the lofty pride that characterises the Rajpoot tribe generally, and he had keenly observed the workings of Cassee Sing's spirit as an individual. He

was versed also in the history of this race, and he recollected many instances in which self-immolation had been the means of escape from threatened disgrace. He anticipated therefore a far bloodier catastrophe than that which the regiment was now assembled to witness. He was impressed with a firm belief, that Cassee Sing would be found to have prevented by suicide the degradation that impended over him.

His anticipations were not, however, realized. Colonel Ferrarton appeared on the ground, and, not many minutes after, the prisoner was visible under the escort of the appointed guard. Lumley looked earnestly into his countenance, and he saw the same immoveable expression of resolute endurance which Cassee Sing had exhibited since the result of his trial was made known to him. To one accustomed to the changes of an Asiatic complexion, the pallor



of his cheek was sufficiently evident, and the compressed lip and inflated nostril were not unsuited to the gleam of fire which at intervals burnt in his eye. He was conducted to his place, and the usual forms of reading the charges and the sentence having been observed, the punishment commenced. It needs not to follow it through all the disgusting details. It is sufficient to notice, that not one cry escaped the sufferer. Those unfortunately accustomed to witness Hindus generally undergoing this punishment that are sensible their sympathy is diminished by the loud and unmanly yells of the culprit. In *this* instance all was silent as death, and even Colonel Ferrarton, with all his notions of military discipline, and his prejudices against the prisoner personally, was compelled to allow that Cassee Sing was no flincher, but bore the pain as became a man and a soldier.

The barbarous scene over, the Rajpoot was sent as usual to hospital. In due time the surgeon reported him *recovered*, and previously to his assuming his usual duties, he attended, by order, at Colonel Ferrarton's quarters, and received such advice and instructions for his future guidance as the commandant deemed best adapted to his peculiar character and circumstances.

Cassee Sing listened with a patient air and a downcast eye. But when the harangue was finished, he poured on his Colonel the full fire of a glance that seemed to have as much power of scathing as the red lightning.

Colonel Ferrarton quailed for a moment, but no longer. He was alive instantly to the insolence of even that mute defiance, and he concluded the interview with this brief exhortation:—"Let the past warn you, Cassee Sing. No insolence will I suffer to pass unnoticed

and unpunished. Perform your duties like a good soldier, and endeavour, by your future conduct, to wipe away the stain you have brought on yourself. Remember, that theft is a crime I will never allow to be perpetrated with impunity. Take heed to yourself, therefore; I shall have an eye on you, and depend, that you have yet suffered but a tithe of what will be inflicted, if you again offend."

The eye of Cassee Sing again poured its full tide of fire on the Colonel. It lasted but an instant, and, as he withdrew it, a smile gathered on his closed lips. If it attracted the attention of Colonel Ferrarton, it was but for a moment; in the next, the Rajpoot had made the usual lowly Asiatic salam, and had retreated.

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Cassee Sing had deserted.

This was in the report of the succeeding

morning. When he should have been on the relief of the main-guard, he was not to be found. Not a trace of former occupation remained in his hut; it seemed that he had found satisfaction in destroying every indication that it had once been his abode.

Search was made—not the less vigorous, because Colonel Ferrarton felt his own personal dignity involved in the discovery of the deserter. He uttered a thousand vows of the punishment that should surely attend his return; vows breathed to empty air, for party after party came back from the useless pursuit, and had found no trace of Cassee Sing. And days and weeks intervened, and he ceased almost to be remembered.

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It was a bright moonlight night, towards the middle of April, when, though the parching hot winds had not as yet scorched the earth, the

days were sufficiently oppressive to render the midnight air a desirable refreshment to the sleepless European sojourner in India. Colonel Ferrarton was now at a picturesque spot, towards the summit of a ghaut, some fifteen miles from the garrison where his regiment was cantoned. He had a magnificent array of tents pitched for the accommodation of himself and his family, and he was more than ordinarily gratified by the change of scene, since the design of his short journey was so fully answered in the recovery of his eldest-born, from a lingering and inexplicable indisposition.

He was a fair and lovely boy; the more masculine image of a wife adored by a devoted husband. He had numbered hardly six summers, and parental fondness had thus long retarded the period, which was reluctantly allowed to be at hand, when he should sail to the more genial shores of England, for the neces-

sary strengthening of his constitution. Colonel Ferrarton had excused this fond lingering to himself, by dwelling on the precocious development of his boy's intellect, which repaid so amply the culture already bestowed on it, that a year's delay might well be allowed, when it was remembered how great was the child's aptitude. Nature had given him a spirit no less lively than it was intelligent. The young antelope bounded not more gaily than that joyous child; he had not drooped beneath the scorching wind; nor withered in the fever-damps of the monsoon; the very elements had seemed to cherish him. Such at least had been the thought of the partial father's heart, as day after day he had watched with delight the unfaded rose that bloomed on the cheek of his first-born, the undimmed lustre that sparkled in the glance of his brilliant eye.

But sickness, the destroyer, had at length

settled on his prey. And how it had happened, and what shape it had assumed, the baffled medical attendants confessed themselves unable to determine. The fair child drooped, and his strength failed, and as a last faint hope he was brought to the influence of the more bracing air of the hills. Success appeared to have attended the experiment. His laugh, wild and free, once more gladdened the hearts of his parents, and they ventured again to indulge those dreams in his behalf which look so far into the future; from which neither warning nor trial ever entirely weans the spirit of a human being.

It was a bright and beautiful midnight, and the stars were walking along the heavens in their glory. The step of Colonel Ferrarton was firm, and his head erect, and his spirit buoyant, as his brow cooled beneath the influence of the night-breeze. If ever man felt secure from



the approach of danger, it was this man. His very soul glowed within him beneath one of those influences which form part of "the burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world." As he glanced upon his backward course, even memory appeared in hues hardly less bright than those of hope. Nor let it be supposed that his delusion was beyond that often dazzling mortal view. He had passed through his career with unspotted honour, and he bore an unblemished name. And, notwithstanding the instance which first introduced him here, he was not a cruel man, not a harsh officer. He had peculiar prejudices, and was extremely tenacious of his official dignity. Beyond the sphere of these, he was a brave officer and an honourable gentleman.

And, involved in his own bright dreams, he paced far beyond the lines of his encampment, and was roused to recollection only by the falling of a dark shadow across his path.

He was startled, as his eye rested on a human being, pausing so as to prevent his progress. He had no weapon in his hand, and he could distinctly trace the outline of the muscular figure before him, as it stood naked to the loins, thrown out in strong relief from the mass of light that lay over the back-ground. There was no turban on his brow, and his long locks hung in elf-like disorder over his sable neck and face; and his eyes glared from behind them, dark and terrible as the flash of the tiger's on the unprepared traveller.

Colonel Ferrarton's first instinct was retreat, but he had no sooner turned with a view of effecting this object, than the form, anticipating his intentions, wheeled round, and again stayed his progress. Thus baffled, Colonel Ferrarton spoke in the language of the country, —“ *Kah hi?—con hi tum?*—“ what is it?—who are you?”

The man planted his foot more firmly, and threw back his lofty head. As he did so, his thick locks fell from his face, and displayed a countenance not to be mistaken, even in that uncertain light.—“Do you know me now? or must I tell you, that I am the scourged, trampled, mangled slave, Cassee Sing, the Rajpoot?”

Even the heart of the brave soldier quailed. Let it be remembered, that he was without weapon of any kind, and his practised eye saw the creiss\* of the Hindoo fastened in his cummerbund.† He knew well the depth of the degradation inflicted, and was prepared to calculate largely on the extent of the atonement that would be demanded. But how could he measure the depth of the burning thirst of vengeance which was raging in the breast of the Asiatic? How could he dream—but we will not anticipate.

\* Dagger.

† Waistband.

"I shall not injure you," pursued Cassee Sing, for the Colonel spoke not. "Not a hair of your head shall be plucked by my hand. I need not *you*—but *yours*."

Colonel Ferrarton started as at the hiss of the deadly cobra. A horrible apprehension seized him. He looked towards his tents, but all there wore the aspect of safety. The Hindoo seemed to penetrate his thoughts—"Hope nothing," said he, with the frightful coolness of a determination that was beyond the reach of circumstances. "My hand has been within already, and the arrow has shot its victim. So far you have numbered pangs, falling one by one, as the stripes on my body, and partly I have paid the debt I owe you. Go, and meet the visitor even now brooding within the walls of your desolate tent; and as you send forth groan after groan, remember Cassee Sing, and despair. Vengeance has begun, and there is

one that will never rest until it is satisfied. Now go, and be almost as wretched as the beast you scourged."—A moment, and Colonel Ferrarton was alone.

But, though no longer prevented, he made no effort to move. He stood as if rooted to the earth, scathed by the sudden flash of the lightning. In the emphatic language of Scripture, "fear and horror gat hold upon him." He did not even momentarily doubt that the vindictive Hindoo had commenced the terrible vengeance he menaced, and a hundred recorded instances of the ruthless perseverance with which this race will track their victim, until all they meditate has been wreaked, rushed upon his mind with the rapidity of a whirlwind. His heart sickened as he looked towards his tent, and remembered that *within* were all that made earth pleasant to him. Even whilst he longed to know the depth and extent of the evil that had befallen, he shrunk from encoun-

tering such knowledge, and the effort was almost that of desperation which brought him at length to the presence of his family.

Even before he entered that presence, he heard sounds which fearfully evidenced that the Hindoo's had not been an empty menace. In the thronging steps of his guards and domestics, in the wailing cry of the native women, in the weeping voices of his children, awakened to sorrow probably by the sight of the misery around, he received assurance that a terrible calamity had befallen him.

His first impulse directed him to the tent in which he had left his first-born, reposing in healthy slumber. There stood the cot, and the fair body was still extended on it. And by the light cast on the countenance, an eye not previously sharpened by fear, would have detected little less than living loveliness, so like is death to "his twin-brother sleep."

But, at the head of that couch, bending over

the form so fondly beloved, sat one whose very breath seemed hushed by the stillness of her deep despair. It was the mother, conscious that the voice which had first awakened in her heart all the thrilling ecstasy of maternal love, was hushed for ever,—that the eye, always gladdened by her approach, would look on her in this world no more. All other affections were, for the time, extinct in her breast. The husband and the two precious children that survived were to her as though they were not. Her heart slumbered with him who slept so deeply there, and when the husband of her youth stood by her side, his cheek and brow reflecting the paleness and the anguish of her's, his presence was unheeded. For her, the universe was gathered up in the inanimate body before her.

Which was the more dismal object to Colonel Ferrarton,—the dead child or the despairing



mother,—it might be difficult to decide. He laid his hand on the cold hand of her, yet mortal, and yet suffering, in the hope of rousing her from her trance-like gaze on him who had ceased to suffer. But no change of lip or complexion betokened her consciousness of his presence. She sat, rigid as that bereaved mother of old; apparently beyond the reach of aught more of earthly joy or sorrow. Colonel Ferrarton's anguish for his boy was, for a moment, swallowed up by his intense anxiety for its parent. He laid his hand upon the cold brow of the dead, thus veiling him from the view of the living. A frantic shriek proved the success of his experiment. All the floods of woman's grief were opened up, as the face on which her soul doated was suddenly shut out from her. And tears fell abundantly, and once more she was alive to the consolations—the sympathising mourning—of that voice,

which, to her, had always hitherto been the harbinger of hope and love.      \*      \*      \*

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Months passed away. Amongst the many mysteries of the human heart, not the most solvable is its power of forgetting past sorrows. The parent we have venerated, the partner we have so faithfully loved, the child we have almost impiously idolized, are "taken away by a stroke," and we survive; nay more, are sensible again to other affections, are able to transfer that love, which we dreamed was so exclusive, to other objects. This is a merciful characteristic of our being here; for what would be the existence of a creature, whose heart, and hopes, and joys, were unchangeable, living in the midst of incessant fluctuation? Colonel Ferrarton and his wife had insensibly yielded to the influence of time; they were *accustomed* to the loss they had sustained, and

they became comforted under it. Their projects and hopes for him who had passed away, were diverted to another channel, and centered, perhaps with additional force, on their next-born. Change of place might have aided their recovery. Colonel Ferrarton, haunted incessantly by the remembrance of his interview with Cassee Sing, had spared no exertions to get himself removed from the command of the regiment to which the disgraced sipahi had been attached, and he had at length succeeded. He was now stationed at least seven hundred miles from the scene of his former loss, and he began to feel himself beyond the reach of his enemy. To Mrs. Ferrarton he had not breathed a whisper of his apprehensions. He feared to overwhelm an intellect not so powerful as the heart of its possessor was warm, and he kept his painful secret religiously locked in the sanctuary of his own breast. He was so far be-

yond the range of Cassee Sing's probable pursuit,—so remote from the usual habitations of his tribe, that he considered one thought of apprehension of his farther vengeance too visionary to be entertained for a moment. Nevertheless, he was very cautious in receiving new servants into his family; very vigilant over the particular attendants of his children; very careful that their rides should be in places of public resort. He resolved, when he persuaded himself to admit danger *possible*, that he would not have to endure self-reproach on the score of negligence. An Ayah, who had been the personal attendant of Mrs. Ferrarton since her first arrival in India, was never absent from her guardianship over the children, and her affection for them was as lively as that of the most attached nurse for her nurslings. A Kitmudgar, who, for thirty years had been the faithful servant of his present

master, was associated with the Ayah in her place of trust. Thus cautious to prevent the approach of danger, Colonel Ferrarton nevertheless ceased to dread it, and his days once more glided on smoothly and happily.

The third anniversary of the death of his first-born had arrived, and Colonel Ferrarton and his wife sat in their verandah in the mellow moonlight, shedding those sweet and soothing tears, with which we pay the tribute of tenderness to past affections. Not that the mother's heart had ceased to love her boy; she regarded him as one amongst the blessed,—as one who dwelled in a happier land, awaiting her arrival there. Her grief had lost its sting, but her affection had hardly waned. It had assumed a different, perhaps a holier, character; but still it was a mother's love.

Mrs. Ferrarton had retired, and her husband remained still in the verandah, wrapt in not

unpleasing melancholy. He thought, indeed, of his lost boy ; but at the same instant he remembered with hope and pride the one who was left, and felt that his cup *still* overflowed. He started, as the shadow of a human figure fell on the verandah, and the cold chill that crept through every vein warned him that he *had* suffered and trembled. But as he raised his eyes he saw he was alone, and he believed himself under the delusion of fancy, — that memory had evoked a phantasm so closely resembling the past. Oppressed by his solitariness, he entered the house, anxious to view the children he so loved : he found his wife by the cot of his second-born, and he was painfully startled by the resemblance of her attitude and appearance now to that which smote him at the death-couch of his first child. He accosted her with trembling, and his whole heart sank, as her pale and parched lips uttered

the almost inaudible words, "Our boy is very ill."

The father snatched one look at the pallid cheek of the innocent sufferer, and rushed forth to seek the necessary aid. As he darted suddenly through the gate of his compound, he found himself in the powerful grasp of—— it could be none but Cassee Sing. An instantaneous conviction overpowered him; he groaned in agony, and the beautiful words of Scripture came to his lips,— "Hast thou found me! oh, mine enemy?" The voice of the Rajpoot sounded like thunder in his ears. "Your second child is mine also; but I am in your debt still, and by the head of my father, I will pay you all!"

Colonel Ferrarton was free from the grasp which had so strongly held him, but still he moved not. The wretched father felt how vain it was to seek the aid of which he was in quest;



he knew that his child was in his mortal agony, and that human help for him availed not ! *How* this mysterious power over the lives of his children had been acquired,—how it was exercised, hardly presented itself as a mysterious enquiry to his dismayed mind. Engrossed by the appalling fact that they were falling beneath the stroke of the destroyer, he scarcely wondered from what direction it had fallen.

It boots not to pause over the grief of these parents thus, for the second time, so fearfully bereaved. Search was again made for Cassee Sing, as fruitless as it had been when the first fatal mark of his vengeance had fallen on the house of Colonel Ferrarton. In vain the unhappy father endeavoured to select some spot where he might rest securely with his remaining infant ; the whole of India seemed accessible to the unappeasable vengeance of his

enemy, and he resolved to resign every possible advantage which a prolonged residence in the East must have obtained for him, and to seek the shelter of his native land.

The heart-broken mother eagerly encouraged this design, and a few weeks beheld them at the Presidency, on the eve of embarkation. A ray of hope began to dawn dimly on the mother's mind, as the time gradually approached which was to witness her departure for ever from the land that had been so fatal to those most dear to her. Her sole remaining child became a thousand-fold more precious than even maternal love had hitherto deemed it. Cradled always in her arms, by night and by day pressed to her bosom, it seemed as if evil could not touch it in the shelter of such a sanctuary, and some such fond superstition probably induced her constant vigilance.

The day of embarkation was at hand; all

their preparations for the long voyage before them were completed, all their accommodations ascertained, and their cabin in a state fit for their reception. The evening was closing dimly and darkly, and the mother sat with the babe in her arms, listening to the moaning of the wind as to the voice of a friend, and wishing that her child was safe from the reach of other enemies than "the voice of its roaring." "Let it fall into the hand of the Lord, and not of man," was *her* prayer, as of the Jewish monarch of old, and, as her heart looked upwards, she took comfort from the assurance, that "He that is higher than the highest," regarded.

Her solitude was interrupted by the approach of the old Ayah, whose length of service has before been mentioned. She brought food for the infant, and she proceeded to take it from the mother's arms. Disturbed from quiet slumber, it uttered a feeble cry of complaint,

and Mrs. Ferrarton, still engrossed by the painful train of thought that had occupied her, pressed it more closely to her breast. "Do not take her from me," she said to her attendant; "feed her as she rests here. Surely no evil can reach her in her mother's arms," and she raised her eyes to the sable countenance of her Ayah as she spoke.

The woman paused, and she gazed earnestly on the face of the fair child, as it lay in its innocent beauty, smiling on her as one it recognized and loved. "I nursed it from the hour of its birth!" said the Ayah, and her voice had that in its tones which thrilled to the heart of her mistress.

Mrs. Ferrarton gazed on her with what may perhaps be called the inexplicable instinct of fear. "What do you mean? You *have* nursed it from the moment of its birth, Ayah, and you *will* nurse it, I hope, whilst it requires

your care. We have trusted you so entirely, that we never shall be able to confide it even to an English nurse, Letchimah. You must stay with your nursling as long as it requires your nursing."

The woman threw the food she had brought on the ground. For a moment she looked anxiously, almost wildly, on the mother and child, and anon she "lifted up her voice and wept," exclaiming at intervals, "I cannot do it, I cannot do it! The others had not fed from my breast—*she* has! I cannot do it—I cannot do it!"

The terror of Mrs. Ferrarton was extreme. "I charge you, Ayah, tell me what you mean!" she cried; "you are distracting me,—you are yourself mad! What would you, woman?"

She bowed herself until her forehead touched the floor. "I will *not* destroy the babe I have

fed at my bosom," she cried. "Yonder food is poisoned,—touch it not! The daughter of my own womb is the wife of Cassee Sing, but, were it to save her from the grave, I would destroy no more of the fruit of yours!"

One piercing scream, and Mrs. Ferrarton was senseless.

Alarmed by that shriek, almost of madness, her husband rushed into the apartment. His fainting wife, with her babe on her breast, and the weeping, wailing Ayah, who was literally "gnashing her teeth" on the earth, roused him to the expectation of some terrible revelation, but scarcely to that dark story of the ingratitude that had *twice* stabbed him almost mortally!

A few words revealed the mystery. The daughter of the trusted Ayah was the paramour of Cassee Sing, and his power over *her* had been used as a means of converting her

mother into the instrument of his vengeance. Of *him* no trace was ever obtained, and, in parting with the woman in whom he had so confided, Colonel Ferrarton removed from his house the evil influence which had well nigh blasted it.

He returned to the land of his birth with his wife and their remaining child. And other sons and other daughters were born unto him, but he forgot not,—he does not *now* forget,—the terrible vengeance which followed upon the steps of the foulest act of his existence—THE UNJUST PUNISHMENT !



MRS. ARLINGTON.

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"AND who *is* this Mrs. Arlington?" said Owen to Eustace, two subalterns of the same regiment, as they rode from parade together.

"Really, I can throw no farther light on the subject than you already possess," replied Eustace; "all the world knows that she is the wife of Captain Arlington of the cavalry corps now at this station, and I am no wiser than the rest."

"Well, have you seen her?"

"I have."

"How laconic!" said Owen, moved to some-

thing like indignation by the monosyllabic reply of his friend. "Women are not so numerous here, that a new arrival should produce little sensation; but I want to discover what are the peculiar qualities which, in the present case, have awakened report into absolute thunder."

"Don't be too warm," replied Eustace; "if I had had any accurate description of Mrs. Arlington to give you, you would have been in possession of a whole-length portrait by this time."

"Surely, you can say whether she is tall or short, fat or lean, clever or stupid, elegant or vulgar, without any rigid examination into the qualities of her mind."

"Which is not altogether proven, as the Scotch say," returned Eustace. "I am inclined to think, that internal endowments are expressed in broader characters on our externals than peo-

ple in general are willing to avow. To confess the truth, I know not *how* to describe Mrs. Arlington; but this is quite evident, that so far as her probable popularity is concerned, the NOES have it by a considerable majority."

"Which, so far as my experience goes, is always the case if a woman have numbered more than twenty years, and have an atom more sense than suffices to conduct her through the processes of eating, drinking, dancing, dressing, and sleeping."

"In short, I am afraid Mrs. Arlington is a *blue*, and that is conclusive," said Eustace.

"What on earth can induce a female of that class to migrate to India is beyond me."

"Is not that her palanquin we see yonder, just passing the angle at the Parsees' shops?"

"Yes, I recognize its colour. She has taken the benefit of the morning air; and—not to be uncharitable, I think her complexion will

be the better for it. Let us ride up boldly and speak to her."

The two young men put their horses out to a full trot, and cantered boldly up to her palanquin. However, they gained nothing by their expedition, but the benefit of the exercise, for the door was nearly closed, so nearly, indeed, that it was evidently intended as a barrier between its occupant and the intrusiveness of people bent on any such idle and impertinent object as the youths in question.

So they rode on at an increased trot, and for the whole of that day added their forces to the numerical majority of *noes* to which Lieutenant Eustace had alluded.

And his assertion was quite correct. The objections to Mrs. Arlington preponderated amazingly in the scale of public estimation. Some half-dozen, to be sure, persisted in extolling her endowments, and approving her manners; but then, as the young men said, these

were only the *big-wigs*, whom possibly she condescended to treat with rather more civility than the unfortunate race of subalterns.

However, she was a new arrival, and her own regiment deemed it incumbent on them to give a ball to the cantonment in her honour, such being the invariable custom of the corps, —a custom, by the way, exceedingly praiseworthy in up-country stations, where balls are almost as rare as rupees, and even suppers not quite such disturbers of quiet sleep as musquitos.

To the surprise of everybody, which is tantamount to their indignation, Mrs. Arlington declined the proffered honour.—“She had no taste for entertainments of the kind,” she said; “she never danced, and was not ambitious of playing wall-flower. She, therefore, begged her friends to devote their time and their money to some more laudable purpose.”

The ladies absolutely "had not patience with such airs of superiority ! People generally were glad enough of a ball on any terms. If she did not dance herself, there were others who did, and opportunities for an enjoyment of the kind were not so numerous in India as to be thrown away. Mrs. Arlington, to be sure, might choose to amuse herself with her books and such stupid things, but it was shameful in her to be so selfishly inconsiderate of the enjoyments of others !"

In short, Mrs. Arlington was in terrible disgrace, and this last terrible delinquency almost put to silence the tongues of the chivalric few who had formerly enlisted themselves in her cause.

However, in a few weeks, when time had somewhat veiled the enormity of the offence in its diminishing drapery, the young men began gradually to find their way to the house of Cap-

tain Arlington, and bestow an hour there in the shape of a morning call. To be sure, Mrs. Arlington *was* severe, it could not be denied ; satirical, there was no disputing it ; but then, *en revanche*, she was *so* amusing ! said such amazingly odd things ! expressed her opinions so fearlessly ! It must be acknowledged that all *her* shafts were shot at people standing on high places, and occupying the highest seats. She did not waste them on the *canaille* of Indian society, and she always spared her own sex. Perhaps herein lay the secret of their inveterate dislike. Some minds are perverse enough to confound the mercy that spares with the haughtiness that overlooks, or the contempt that disdains.

Howbeit, Mrs. Arlington, it seemed, was working her way absolutely into popularity. People began gradually to wonder if it were really true that she *had* said this or that *very*



strange thing—whether she had positively been so extremely rude to poor Colonel K—— as to read him a lecture on the enormity of punning — whether she *had* thrown poor ugly little doctor Z—— into convulsions by calling his harmless tales from one house to another mischievous — and whether she had absolutely ventured to pronounce the respectable head of the force, backed as he was by so much interest, a heterogeneous compound of imbecility and malignity, of whom it was impossible to decide whether the enormities he perpetrated were the result of idiotism or knavery. The male portion of the community seemed very much inclined to treat all these accusations as the inventions of some “fancy fond with gaudy shapes possest.” With all Mrs. Arlington’s wit she had so *much* good nature! no pride—certainly not the least; not only *endured unhappy* ensigns and supernumerary lieutenants,

but actually seemed to prefer them to venerable Colonels, albeit adorned with the insignia of the most Honourable Order of the Bath. To be sure, she sometimes quizzed the *General Orders*, but they were fair game, and until Sir — or his Secretary, ceased to murder the King's English so pitilessly, no loyal subject could venture to assert that criticism was not richly deserved.

But the inexorable fair ones were still dissident.

"Pray who *was* Mrs. Arlington?" inquired little Mrs. B. the half-caste daughter of a civilian, overgorged with the *spolia opima* of the East, tarnished as they were with the tears of the widow and the orphan.

"Alas, my dear Mrs. B." returned Captain Y. a brother-officer of Captain Arlington's; "*that* must be ranked amongst the impenetrable mysteries in which the birth, parentage, and

education, of so many of the ladies that make their appearance in this country, are enveloped. Marriage, you know, submerges the social and political existence of the wife in that of the husband, and so long as Arlington is fourth cousin to a peer, we must take it for granted that his wife's pretensions are sufficiently aristocratical even for *us*."

"It is incomprehensible to *me*," said Mrs. M. in whose education it was suspected that the mysteries of calligraphy had been entirely neglected, "if Mrs. Arlington *is* as accomplished as she would have it thought, that she should have married an officer, whose wives find such things an incumbrance."

"An officer being a gentleman," said the testy P. of the Sappers and Miners, "it follows as a natural consequence that it is desirable his wife should be a lady; of which the accomplishments to which you allude, are the outward and visible signs."

“What a dreadful complexion Mrs. Arlington has,” said Mrs. F. of the Horse Artillery, whose cheeks almost shamed the hue of the pomegranate blossom.

“It would be charitable in you to recommend her to a place where she can procure a good supply of rouge,” returned Dr. Z. who hated Mrs. F. with all the unmitigable hatred of which his very small mind was capable.

“My dear Mrs. Danby,” said Mrs. Maltravers, to the wife of the officer then in charge of the tappal-office;\* “have you any idea to whom Mrs. Arlington’s letters to England are addressed?”

Yes, to the care of —— the agent; I am quite accurate, and you may rely on my information, for I have been at great pains in ascertaining the fact.”

“I *do* wonder who she was?”

\* Post Office.

This wonder continued, because the mystery still existed, and must still provoke curiosity. Nevertheless, Mrs. Arlington began to be amazingly popular, and even the female portion of the European population were compelled to swim with the tide, for it was found, that the *élite* of the community were always to be met at those places where Mrs. Arlington visited.

Mrs. Arlington afforded by no means a singular instance of the pertinacity with which an Indian society will invariably hunt down any person who is essentially superior to the mass. In *her* case, unable to detect any objectionable trait in her own manners or morals, they set themselves assiduously to discover the sphere of society in which she had originally moved, that, all other points being found unimpeachable, she might at least be proved guilty of plebeian descent. No where do aristocratical prejudices exist in all their narrowness so much as in

the East, because no other place within the circle of civilization is so remote from the influence of the schoolmaster.

In a short time poor Mrs. Arlington began to be under the ban of the mighty ones, for it was discovered she had a taste for politics, and a decided leaning towards republicanism. This exceeded all the hopes of her enemies. *Radicalism* in a military community, where the most despotic authority was lord of the ascendant ! where the "powers that be" trampled, according to their sovereign will and pleasure, on every right of man to discuss freely the proceedings of his superiors, to control his own actions, and even to promulgate his opinions ! Even her former warmest advocates lowered their tone when they first became aware of the existence of this enormity ; its startling novelty stupified them, and it was not until they felt that, in losing the amusing conversation of

the fair politician, they relinquished the most animating cordial of *their* existence, that they bade defiance to the *vox publica* of this most *unpublic* community, and returned to their allegiance, incurring the necessity of fighting battles tenfold more desperate than ever, in behalf of the offending dame. In short, by a very considerable portion of her quondam associates, Mrs. Arlington found herself *cut*.

The fortitude which she exhibited under this reverse was even more offensive than the original error which had brought it to pass. It seemed that she estimated at a very low value intimacies which she saw withdrawn with so little concern. "*Who was she?*" was asked more loudly than ever, and they began to consider their ignorance the result of something *to be* known, which she, the subject of it, took very anxious pains to conceal.

At length, just at the crisis when curiosity



was tempting its sufferers to transgress all the ordinary decencies of society, a new Assistant-Adjutant-general joined the Force on the removal of the old one on his promotion. It was found that the stranger had *put up* with the Arlingtons, and consequently *might* know something of *her*. On him, therefore, all eyes were bent with anxious interest, and his first round of visits was expected with an impatience that almost baffled all restraint.

The whole cantonment was aghast. It was elicited from the new arrival, without the slightest difficulty, that Mrs. Arlington was cousin-german to the present governor, and that Captain Arlington was about to leave the station for Madras, his appointment of private secretary to his wife's kinsman being probably already in general orders.

Mrs. Arlington, even the composed Mrs. Arlington, was astounded at the number of vehi-

cles which, the next morning, conveyed their several proprietors to her door. The apologies for prolonged absence, coupled with adulatory expressions of regret at her near departure, opened her eyes to the real state of the case, and she saw that the official appointment of her husband had operated this miracle in her favour. Her "birth, parentage, and education," were taken as patterns of propriety on the guarantee of her relationship to the highest authority in the Madras Presidency. The tide of popular favour flowed again towards Mrs. Arlington with unparalleled rapidity and clearness. Nevertheless, the lady was assuredly ten times more bitter, more satirical, more haughty than ever, and it really *was* extraordinary, considering her affinity to so distinguished an official, and the approaching enrolment of her husband amongst the staff—courtiers by prerogative—that she continued to

be as pitilessly severe on the community of government functionaries, as she had ever been. Two or three fair ones, who had vied with each other in expressions of courteous sorrow at her departure, were overheard, expressing their regret, that some person of *proper* feeling on those points did not immediately convey to the governor information of the delinquencies of his kinswoman. "Fancy a violent radical enrolled amongst the *corps diplomatique* of an Indian Presidency. It was absolute profanation of the sanctum sanctorum, and, nothing less could be expected to ensue, than a mutiny in the army, and rebellion amongst the *unmilitary* natives."

Mrs. Arlington departed, but not so speedily did the remembrance of her pass away. She continued to be quoted as an illustration of the propriety of every possible condemnation that could be lavished on learned women.

However, after all, this was a harmless slander, and was so far beneficial, that it probably saved half a dozen reputations, not so well able to sustain the microscopic scrutiny of a society of *fainéants* as her's was.

But, malgré this weight of reprobation, some of those who contributed most largely to it did not hesitate to take advantage of their acquaintance with *the wife of the governor's private secretary* to solicit the exertion of his interest in the procuring of appointments, leaves of absence, and the thousand-and-one favours within the power of his influence. Captain Arlington—who passed for “one of the best fellows in the world,” in other words, a man who saw no farther than his associates wished him to see, inasmuch as he was not suspected of looking beyond the surface—Captain Arlington had more shrewdness than his dear friends would altogether have approved, and detected, in all

its turpitude, the unutterable grovelling of those who thus selfishly prostrated themselves before him ; the unpaid sycophants of "*the governor's private secretary.*"—"Do not waste your indignation on objects so utterly worthless," said Mrs. Arlington. "Meanness as pitiable as this is to be found throughout the civilized world, and the way to prevent it is, by the diffusion of knowledge to raise human nature from its present abject prostration to the elevation of which it is capable. Let man be convinced of the height to which he may attain, and *put in a way of attaining* it, and he will learn to scorn, as we do, the loathsome abyss in which he has hitherto permitted his intellect to grovel. He who has tasted the ambrosia of the gods will not content himself with the offal thrown to the dogs."

A LEGEND OF THE AFGHAUNS.

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INHABITING a mountainous district in a climate which has little of the enervating voluptuousness of the countries of the burning south, the Afghauns stand out amongst the multitudinous nations of India in strong contrast to the dark despotism in which their neighbours are enthralled. Though under the dominion of a monarchy nominally despotic, their peculiar institutions secure them all the turbulence of freedom, if not its nobler characteristics. Divided into numerous tribes, the khan or chief of which is elected sometimes by

the sovereign, sometimes by the people, from the most ancient family of the tribe, with a certain regard to primogeniture, but more to experience and character, they are united rather by a principle of attachment to their clan than of feudal devotion to its chief. That violent disputes for the succession often occur is a necessity involved in the very elements of such a state of society. Feuds are deadly and hereditary; and as crimes perpetrated for motives of revenge are deemed honourable, injuries being viewed as committed against the individuals who suffer, not against the state whose laws they violate, the court under whose cognizance they come aims at ascertaining the proportion borne by the vengeance exacted to the provocation sustained, instead of asserting its sole right of punishing the original infraction of moral and social obligation.

Lamentable as such a condition of political



existence must appear to European civilization, it cannot be denied that it has a tendency to produce an energy, manliness, and even talent, which elevate man to a position considerably above that attitude of timid and servile acquiescence in which eastern despotism has pros-  
trated the passive Hindu. If they commit crimes, they possess virtues. Being fearless, they are generally candid; belonging by birth to a particular tribe, they love their kindred; hardy and often engaged in strife, they escape the vices of voluptuousness, the product of sloth, and the only excitement of habitual apathy; stimulated to emulation by general competition, they are alive to the superiority of European advancement, and curious in discovering the means by which it has been attained—subjects which almost always fail to arouse the indolence, or animate the indifference, of the Hindu. If their liberty be rude, it is

not altogether without a tendency to purify their morals, for no man can be free without some innate consciousness of the dignity of his nature. Self-respect produces a degree of refinement, and the Afghauns exhibit, in their domestic history, instances of love incompatible with the manners of the Orientals who surround them; for, allowing a liberty of choice to woman, they consequently elevate her into an object of respect. She who has the power of rejection must be solicited, and he who would solicit with effect must cultivate the means of pleasing. Hence flow the thousand refinements that soften the manners, and sometimes purify the heart.

Poetry is the first literature of every nation; it is the vehicle of conveying to posterity both their history and their morals. The poetry of the Afghauns has a characteristic which distinguishes it from that of every other oriental

people. Their poets describe love as a pure and exalted passion, capable not only of surmounting difficulties but of hazarding life itself in the attainment of its object. Their most popular poem, universally diffused through their tribes, is founded on the following legend.

Amongst the daughters of her people, Doorkanee, the only born of Suja, shone as the moon amongst the stars. Fairer than the children of her nation, she was the theme of the bards and the admiration of the youth. All the young men of her tribe were excited to deeds of highest prowess in the fond hope of her approbation, and some, whose rank permitted it, ventured to aspire to her love.

Few, very few, were deemed worthy of her. Descended from a family which numbered so many distinguished names amongst its lineage, the parents of Doorkanee brooked not to think

that their daughter, so pre-eminently beautiful, would add a son to their house of nameless honourable than her own. The maiden was of the age in which love finds ready entrance into the female heart, but her's had as yet admitted no warmer affection than her reverent love for the parents whom nature had given her. Gentle to all, she preferred none, and unconscious of the nature of the passion which controls the destiny of human beings, she resigned herself meekly to the disposal of the guardians of her youth, in the trusting confidence of her inexperienced age and dutiful heart.

The tribe to which the parents of Doorkanee belonged had long waged war against a neighbouring chief, whose predatory incursions had, on several occasions, desolated whole tracts of their lands. A complete victory had at length humbled their enemy, and afforded them pro-

mise of future security. A high and solemn festival celebrated their triumph, and the presence of the fairest of the maidens added honour to the victors. Amongst them Doorkanee shone pure and glorious as the white lotus amongst the water-weeds, delighting in the spectacle, and thinking of little beyond its splendour. But the period of her insensibility was to terminate. The hour had arrived in which Camdeo was to number the peerless maiden amongst his votaries. For the first time her eyes rested on the manly beauty of the heroic Audam.

She was no stranger to his name, for his prowess had caused it to be known far and wide. He was one of the most distinguished amongst the warriors, and his bravery added new lustre to a figure in itself pre-eminently noble. Doorkanee gazed on him with the greater interest because she was aware of the

deadly feud which had from generation to generation existed between her own family and that of the youth, and her curiosity had occasionally been excited to see the son of her house's foe, when she had listened to the recital of some daring exploit in which he had been engaged. When the maiden became conscious that the bright eye of Audam was resting on herself with an expression of admiration not to be mistaken, she felt it possible that there might be something wrong in those feelings which had kept them so long strangers to each other. She blushed beneath his ardent gaze, as the rose of Persia deepens during the day, and she was not displeased when the young warrior found an opportunity, during the festivities, to whisper to her some few words expressive of admiration, and perhaps not altogether untouched by passion. Doorkanee returned to her home, but how changed! The

gentle calm in which her heart had hitherto existed, was disturbed by feelings as tumultuous as they were strange to her. The night passed away,—the long sleepless night, the *first* sleepless night of her existence,—and the morning dawned, but its influence did not still the thousand thoughts that struggled within her. Abstracted and desirous of solitude, she felt the day wearisome, and longed that it should end, without any definite idea that its termination would bring her relief. As the sun set she went forth into her garden, and she wandered into the thickest plantation it afforded, as if its shade were needed for the concealment of her emotions. Even whilst she cherished them, she blushed with instinctive shame that she had ever admitted them. As she emerged from the tope, she stood beside a clear stream that ran along the boundary of the garden, and she looked at herself in its trans-



parent waters, as if expecting that some change had stamped her countenance with an evidence of the feelings at work within. But, except that the rose of her cheek was deeper, and her eye brighter, she saw the same fair image that had always been reflected there. Her gaze was long, and perhaps not entirely without that self-complacency with which women of all nations regard their own beauty. A small pebble thrown into the waters broke the fair reflection, and, raising her eyes to discover who was the companion of her privacy, she recognized with a momentary feeling of dismay, the figure of the warrior,—Audam.

Inexperienced as she was, Doorkanee, after the first short silence of embarrassment, rebuked the intrusion of the youth in terms of severity proportioned to her desire of concealing from him the share he had engrossed in her reflections. Audam received the reproof

in submissive silence, and then poured into the ear of the maiden a declaration of the burning love which had led him to hazard her displeasure,—to venture into the garden of her father, his sternest foe, rather than endure the torments of a prolonged absence. Doorkanee listened, not undelighted, and after that first interview, the spot, hallowed to their minds as the scene of their earliest vows, became the witness of frequent succeeding meetings, their concealment extenuated by the knowledge that to disclose them would be to give the signal of separation from her lover for ever.

But love is often a treacherous deity to his votaries. Whether impunity had rendered the lovers careless, or the evident change in Doorkanee had increased the vigilance of her parents, she no longer found it possible to steal forth at the usual hour alone. Some one was always at hand to share her rambles, and often

she observed the figure of Audam glide away at her approach, as he saw she was accompanied. Doorkanee pined under the sickness of "hope deferred," and felt her heart wither as she ventured to look into the future. She knew the insatiable thirst of vengeance which characterised her people, and dared not entertain a hope of becoming the wife of Audam. A few weeks, however, taught her that, even in this enforced absence, she was comparatively happy; her despair was at its height only when she received her father's commands to prepare for her bridal with another!

Ahmed, the intended husband, was the son of the dearest friend of the father of Door-kanee. He was noble and wealthy, and moreover willing to give an unusually large portion\* for the possession of his desired bride. They had known each other from infancy, and

\* Wives are bought amongst the Afghans.

Doorkanee felt that Ahmed might have been dear to her, if he had appeared in the character of brother, instead of the hateful one of her affianced husband. Calm, mild, and unpretending in his manners, Ahmed nevertheless nourished in his heart the germs of stronger passions. He had been enamoured of Doorkanee from the days of her earliest girlhood, and, unsuspecting of a rival, he rejoiced in the confidence, that her consent to become his wife would be given with as little reluctance as that of her father.

A belief in the fatality which compels men's actions rendered the unhappy girl, in this important instance, passive. As she reviewed in her own mind, the circumstances that had marked her intercourse with Audam, the purity of the passion entertained by them both,—their guiltlessness of all those thoughts of vengeance which occupied the hearts of their friends,—

she felt that all the deities of heaven must be hostile to the realisation of hopes, whose innocence had been no safeguard to prevent the terrible blow that had fallen on them.

The fatal day arrived. The nuptials of Ahmed and Doorkanee were celebrated ; but in that desperate hour she registered, in the depths of her inmost heart, a vow, that no other tie should violate the sanctity of her un-deviating passion for Audam.

Prostrate before the feet of him whom paternal power had made her husband, she avowed her passion for another. "Let me be your handmaid, your slave," she cried, "but rather than Doorkanee shall prove false to the first choice of her heart, she will seek in death that solace which life could not afford."

Ahmed did not insist on his claims. Inflamed with a real passion for the unhappy maiden, he submitted to her wishes, in the

hope and expectation that his constant kindness, and undeviating acquiescence in her will, would obtain for him the surrender of a heart, the value of which difficulties did but enhance.

Ah! little skilled in the art of gaining the love of women, unsuspecting of the admiration with which they applaud the audacious man who ventures to approach them boldly—Ahmed hoped to distance the competition of his rival by the observance of that obsequious deference, which probably never yet was successful in obtaining the female heart.

Audam was desperate when he heard of the intended marriage of Doorkanee. But, powerless when compared with the united strength of her father and her betrothed, he dared not attempt by force an opposition which promised no successful result, and which must have embittered her bonds. Thus the day of the nuptials passed in peace to the bride and

bridegroom. The restless spirit of jealousy inhabited, with his legion of monsters, the breast of Audam.

At length, after many unsuccessful efforts, he succeeded in speaking to the favourite damsel of Doorkanee. From her he obtained the intelligence most grateful to his soul, that, although his mistress was in truth the wife of another, she had preserved her purity and her fidelity to himself inviolate. The handmaid, who had been the only confidante of their passion, suffered herself to be prevailed on to become the bearer of a letter to Doorkanee. Everywhere only the first step is attended with difficulty, and very soon, by her instrumentality, a regular correspondence was maintained between the lover and his wedded mistress.

Satisfied at first with this solace of their sorrows, the pair so irrevocably divided sought not the indulgence of an interview. But the



human heart will not long rest in content. The letters of Audam became more and more importunate. "Let me once more gaze on that face, which I thirst after as for water in the desert," he wrote; "let me once more hear that voice utter words of affection and fidelity, which first threw over my soul the sunshine of unutterable love, and I shall be happy, even though Doorkanee be the wife of Ahmed. If she refuse, I will believe that yonder setting sun will rise no more, and, biting the dust, will consign myself to the country of shadows for ever!"

The first interview was granted, and it proved but the precursor of many others. The bride of Ahmed was still untainted by one impure thought; although plunged in the depths of a love which had become unlawful, her spotless mind admitted not one thought that could cast dishonour on the husband who

had been forced on her. If the passion of Audam were intense, it was not the less anxious for the happiness and innocence of its object; and the daily meetings of the lovers, if not without error, were at least without guilt.

But who can hope to conceal aught affecting its interests from the eye of jealousy? Ahmed had, in the first instance, been well pleased to view the clouds of unhappiness dispersing from the brow of his bride. He had believed that her recovered content augured well for her ultimate acceptance of his love. But when, day after day, he found that this serenity was gradually heightening into happiness, and yet that her manner to himself was more and more repulsive, suspicion entered his breast, and the visits of his rival could not long escape his awakened vigilance.

The demon of vengeance possessed his spirit so completely, that he was able, by

the very intensity of his vindictive purpose, to preserve his outward calmness. He waited patiently until he had ascertained beyond doubt the precise hour, the very spot, in which, and where, the meetings of the lovers occurred ; and, having collected a band of his own relations, he lay in ambuscade to rush on Audam as he quitted the presence of Door-kanee. The youth, fleet of foot as he was brave, observing the hopeless contest in which he should be involved with such overpowering numbers, fled. Unhappily he bore with him a wound inflicted by the creiss of his rival, and scarcely had he escaped the precincts in which danger existed, when he fell senseless on the earth.

During the intervals of her lover's absence, it had been the consolation of Doorkanee to cultivate two moss-roses, of rare and beautiful hue, to one of which she had given the

name of her lover, calling the other by her own. On the fatal day when they parted for the last time, she stood over the flowers, indulging her tenderness by comparing their bloom to the constant hue of her attachment, when her startled eye fancied she perceived a change in the hue of that which she had called by the beloved name of Audam. It was *not* fancy. Her affrighted gaze was fastened on it, and she saw leaf after leaf fade to sickly white, shrink, and wither. In an agony of terror she cast herself on the earth, and invoked aloud the presence of Audam. At that fatal moment she saw her husband by her side. The weapon in his hand bore evidence of the fatal work in which he had been engaged.—“The honour of Ahmed is avenged,” said he, as he held it before her eyes. “So perish the invader of the rights of the husband!”

Doorkanee spoke not. Gasping forth the name of her beloved, with her hands extended towards the fatal weapon, she uttered one prolonged shriek of despair, and expired.

The feud of their families survived their death, and the lovers were not united even in one common grave. But a power more propitious to mortals than they are to each other, fulfilled what doubtless was the last wish of the unfortunate pair. Unaided by human hands, the remains of Audam were found in the tomb of Doorkanee. Who presumed to strive against supernatural agency? They were suffered to repose together, and two trees sprang from the grave, the branches of which intertwined over it, and became, in after years, the sacred altar on which the vows of many a pair less unfortunate were breathed, in the belief that they were made there with greater sanctity.

## THE CANTONMENT BURYING- GROUND.

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A WALK by moonlight, pleasant as it is all over the world, is nowhere so delightful as in India. Exhausted by the intense heat of the day, the European resident hails the delicious coolness of the night-breeze with an enjoyment unappreciable by the inhabitant of more northern regions, and finds his whole frame revive beneath its influence. Nowhere besides does night afford such glorious pictures as beneath a moon so nearly rivalling the sun in splendour. The beautiful effect of light and shade

adds new charms to the peculiarities of Indian scenery,—the snow-white pagoda or mosque, the taper minaret, the lofty cocoa and palmira trees, their slender trunks terminating in a fan of broad and graceful leaves, whilst the thatched bungalows of the officers, dotting the whole line of the cantonment, impart a domestic character to the scene, which reminds the wanderer that, amongst so many exiled countrymen, he cannot be desolate. Anxious for the enjoyment of a moon-light stroll, I took the arm of my sentimental cousin, a griffin just imported, whose first march had conducted him to my regiment, and who gladly accepted my offer of *lionizing* the place to him at an hour so consonant to his own poetical vein. So forth we sallied.

We began naturally to recall our childhood and our school-days, for we had partly been educated together, inasmuch as I was the senior



and he the junior pupil, for a few months, under Doctor Merryton, of flagellating memory. He did not escape our benedictions on this occasion, for I suspect the human mind is capable of very vindictive remembrance of the tyrannical pedagogue who engloomed its first impressions. I am quite sure my cousin's indignation at the recollected enormities on which we dwelt was very sympathetic with my own, and, hard of heart as the wear and tear of life may have rendered *me*, of him I can safely assert, "'tis a good youth and a gentle."

Nothing is more idle or more common-place than to compare the existing present with our former anticipations of it,—and yet it affords a useful if hackneyed moral on the futility of all men's projects for the future. In our case, however, how brilliant soever might have been the visions with which our boyish fancies had recreated themselves, India was constantly the

scene of them, for it had from our first years been our fixed destination. To be sure, we had connected it with certain adventures to be found in that veracious collection of bright and glorious fictions, over which I suppose the whole civilized world has luxuriated, yclept the *Arabian Nights*; and on the present occasion we did certainly indulge in a few murmurs on the unfruitfulness of the country in palaces and pagodas, genii and gems, and its fertility in diseases, discomforts, long marches, poor pay, and hard drills. Harry, it must be confessed, was much less vituperative than myself, for which a concise but most satisfactory reason may be assigned;—he had not yet had a year's benefit of these various enjoyments.

“What is this?” asked Harry as we passed an enclosure formed by a stone wall, above which miniature obelisks, pyramids, and cenotaphs glittered like Parian marble in the moonlight.

“The church-yard,” said I, “as I should call it at home; but here, is no church, so we must not veil its purpose by that disguising appellation; we must call it by its own melancholy title, ‘the Cantonment Burying-ground.’”

“Now may the evil omen be averted!” said he. “How ghastly is the effect of the moon’s rays falling on those snow-white monuments!”

“Nevertheless,” answered I, “let us enter. The work of death proceeds so rapidly here, that I fear even my two years’ residence will enable me to furnish a record of some dozen of the sleepers. And, albeit it may not serve as a lesson by which you can shape your future career, it will at least serve ‘to point a moral and adorn a tale.’”

I saw that the romance of my cousin was excited. I heard him murmuring a tirade about “gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire,” and, taking advantage of his willingness,

I led him into the precincts which speak so forcibly of "death, the skeleton, and time, the shadow."

The first tomb at which we paused was, in shape, precisely like one of those cenotaphs which are invariably found in English pleasure-grounds at the termination of a walk shaded by cypress-trees. I knew it well, for it had been my fortune to command the funeral-party at the time the remains of him whom it commemorated, were consigned to their last rest in this foreign soil. "Let us pause here," said I. "Here rests the body of Charles Floyd: he was once one of my intimates."

There was a pause of some minutes. "Poor Floyd!" at length I resumed; "he was as gallant a fellow as ever starved through sixteen years subalternship. He was one of those whom fortune seems to have selected as objects of her peculiar malice. Floyd was so clever as

to be the constant refuge of the destitute in all cases of difficulty, yet by some unhappy fatality he never had the power of assisting himself. He was a consummate master of the oriental languages, as well Arabic as Persian and Hindostanee; yet his proficiency never availed in procuring him the most trivial of those distinctions which are held out as its rewards. He was admirably versed in all the peculiarities of the natives, which render confidential situations so delicate; he was, moreover, partial to them as a people, and not only patient under the infliction of their tediousness but absolutely pleased with it; yet this rare merit in him availed him nothing. Alas, my dear Harry! we do indeed 'groan and sweat under the fardels of a weary life!' *His* 'patient merit' took abundant scoffs 'from the unworthy,' and all from one miserable deficiency. He was a man of talent, a scholar, a gentleman,

an officer incomparably suited to a service like ours, but all availed him not. He had not one atom of *interest*, and that, like the sun, is absolutely necessary to the flourishing of every plant. Disgusted at length with the obscurity in which he was compelled to languish, whilst so many of the base and servile were adorned with the spoils that ought to have been his,—condemned to occupy the lowest room, whilst they were elevated in high places, he sought the fatal relief to which desperation will unfortunately too often drive its prey in this country ; he drank, first for excitement, then conviviality, then to escape from himself, and finally from habit, until—here is all that remains of him ! To all remonstrance he had the same reply—‘ *It is too late !* ’ *It was* too late. That high and honourable spirit must have had its light sadly darkened before it sank into the grovelling abysses of this vice,—this beastly perverter of the intellects of men !”

"I have heard that the vice was once fatally common in this country," said my companion.

"You heard truly, *mais nous avons changé tout cela*. Come to this corner occupied by these two pyramids, whose darkened hue tells a tale of no recent erection. Here, side by side, repose two toppers, whose tempers were as different as their fate.

"Let us look at the smaller one first. It is sacred to the memory of Captain Emmett, of whom I have heard that he was the *choice spirit* of his corps, a man who, in his best days, might have been a contributor to Hood's 'Comic Annual,' or have furnished Matthews with a hint. The indulgence of the propensity which we are discussing unfortunately sank the wit into the coarse jester, until 'the glory had departed.' Notwithstanding his mental decline, the generosity of his heart never deserted him. He was the ready friend of every man who



sought his aid, and the needy benefited much more by the amount of his Abstract than he did. With few wants, he was always involved in debts which accumulated under the weight of the profuse applications of his friends to his purse. And what think you was his death-blow? I need not trouble you to divine it, my dear Harry, for happily it is beyond the limits of your experience of the possible baseness of that noble animal, *man*. Emmett, poor fellow, unfortunate in his promotion, was at length near his majority, and of course much in the way of others covetous of the honour. Moreover, a step to one individual at the top of a corps is a step to all the rest also, and the —th, to which Emmett belonged, were perfectly well convinced of this truth. On some public occasion the mess festivities had been so honoured by Emmett, that he was ripe for any frolic that might be proposed. In a word he

was *gloriously* drunk, as that word stands in contrast with *stupidly* drunk. The youngsters proposed to chair him, after the manner of a successful candidate at an English Parliamentary election, and he seized on the thought with avidity, encouraged *sub rosâ* by the seniors, who were cautious enough not to be ostensible actors in the farce. Poor Emmett, seated in a huge camp-chair, was accordingly hoisted on the shoulders of half a dozen ensigns and lieutenants, and carried into the streets of the cantonment, hallooing, shouting, and cheering, as frail men are wont to do in his unfortunate condition. They ran along with him to the house of his commandant, and setting him down in the compound, close under the veranda, disappeared. Emmett, insensible of his situation, continued his shouting and cheering, and discovery naturally ensued. Colonel — caused him to be conveyed to his

quarters, and, late in the following morning, sent for him to express his regret that he could not pass over a circumstance of so flagrant a nature, especially as his own officers had reported it throughout the cantonment, and indeed to himself. He recommended him therefore to invalid, as the only means of hushing up the matter. Poor Emmett was humbled to the dust, and became passive in his hands; but he held up his head no more, and died here, on the eve of departure for the station of the Veteran Battalion, to which he was posted."

"Scoundrels!" said Harry, with all the honest indignation of unhackneyed youth; "how shamefully Colonel —— behaved in the affair."

"There are two ways of viewing these matters, and many lauded him to the skies. Remember Emmett's regiment pressed for a court-

martial, and the evidence *must* have convicted him."

"If *I* had been a Commandant applied to in such a case, I should have extricated myself by saying, 'Gentlemen, I agree with you that this is a case of great enormity, and one which affects equally every participator. It will be my duty, therefore, to place in arrest Lieutenants A, B and C, and Ensigns E, F and G, as participators in the offence, because it is manifest, on the very face of the transaction, that before they placed themselves in the situation of Captain Emmett's porters, they must have been quite as much intoxicated as Captain Emmett himself, and just as deserving of punishment.'"

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, I say  
A second Daniel! O wise young man,  
How I do honour thee!"

exclaimed I, in admiration of my cousin's dexterous turning of the weapons of the accusers of

the unfortunate Captain Emmett upon themselves. "If you *had* been Colonel, probably poor Emmett might have been alive, and himself in command of a regiment at this moment. However, the affair got abroad, and there are people in the world who remember it to the prejudice of the whole corps even yet."

"For mine own part," said my cousin, "I would shun any one of the perpetrators of this enormity, as I would 'plague, pestilence, and famine.'"

"Pshaw!" I cried, in pity of his ignorance of the usual proceedings of this world; "no official stigma has ever fallen on one of those individuals, and we are bound to suppose them 'all—all honourable men.' Let us pass to the neighbouring\* grave, which contains a much more enormous sinner than Emmett, and one who, nevertheless, passed through a long career scathless.

“ Here lies Colonel Archibald Austin, a man who has left a name behind him that will not soon be forgotten by this army. He entered the service at an advanced period, having borne a commission in the King's, and mingled, according to his own account, in the American warfare. Fifty years he lived and flourished on the effective strength of our forces, and, during the last thirty, probably he never, in one single instance, went to bed in possession of his sober senses, even by accident. He was one of those extraordinary men who seem to carry about them a charm against the effects of drunkenness. No matter how far into the night his revels extended, he was always in the morning air long before the sun had parched its freshness, and invariably the first on his drill-ground. Well acquainted with the mechanical routine of drill and parade, a capital horseman, and indefatigable pedestrian, a good writer, and of unabashed—*unabashable*—effron-

tery, he defied the whole *posse* belonging to the Adjutant-General's office. Detested by his immediate superior,—the constant subject of his secret reports, wherein he was depicted in colours somewhat darker than he deserved ; threatened by the highest authority with removal and disgrace, he defied the whole host of his 'most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,' and he defied them successfully. Night after night the cantonment over which he presided at the close of his career has echoed to the sound of his riotous revelry, and more than once he has been borne through its lines in triumph, preceded by flaming torches carried by his own junior officers. Fortune, more propitious to him than to poor Emmett, carried him successfully through incessant enormities, and he died in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his honours, overcome by the effects of an extra half-dozen of champagne, and was interred by



the side of Emmett, as if to afford a striking lesson of the different influences which control the destiny of men."

"Faugh!" said my cousin in disgust; "'the offence is rank; it smells to heaven!' Let us turn away from records like this, and show me a memento of man less sunk in degradation than these,—the unfortunate or the lucky."

"Turn then," said I, "to this pyramid, whose pure white indicates that it has not been long exposed to the attacks of the atmosphere. Six months since, and he who reposes at its base, was alive in the very bloom of manhood. He died, if in unripe years, at least 'full of honour.' A man of rarer or more unobtrusive merit never belonged to our army. Educated originally for the church, the profession to which unfortunate circumstances had forced him was, in the highest degree, repugnant to his taste, and contrary to all the habits of his

previous life. The most enthusiastic soldier, however, never performed his duties with greater zeal than Somerton, or studied more indefatigably to fit himself in all things for the position he occupied. Grave, studious, pious, unfortunately—for *them*, as well as for himself—he found but few amongst his brethren who were qualified to be his intimate associates, or indeed who were desirous of being so. The profane sneered at his sanctity,—the dissolute at his decorum. The ignorant affected to ridicule the learning he possessed but never obtruded, and the obstreperous derided his quiet habits. It was his fortune to evince in the field, for he was in the Burmese war, how much courage, nay, absolute heroism, lay beneath that tranquillity of manner. On more than one occasion he distinguished himself so as to obtain the public thanks of his superiors, and if death had not carried him to that higher

world, in which all his hopes were centered, he must have received some more substantial recompense of his valour. It was my good fortune to do him some slight service, and he considered ever afterwards that I had a right to as large a portion of his leisure as I chose to require. I am proud to acknowledge here, at his grave, that to him I owe the revival of those religious impressions which, alas ! the mode of life in this country so frequently effaces. I can never convey to you an accurate idea of the manner in which he insisted on the paramount importance of a man's being able 'to give a reason for the faith that is in him,' and, believing the *doctrines*, to obey the *precepts* of that faith. And how beautifully his whole life illustrated his arguments ! With him the things of time were always subordinate to those of eternity ; and, though never obtruding his opinions, he was on all occasions ready

to avow them manfully, and always to act on them. It is astonishing from how much annoyance this moral courage saves a man even in India. Few are shameless enough boldly to aver that a future state is unworthy of the consideration of a man, and, being obliged to concede that, they are easily brought into a dilemma by one, who, like Somerton, called the aid of his reason to the defence of his faith. If ever man were ready to die, he was that man, and who could regret the suddenness of the call to one always in a state of preparation?"

We rambled in the precincts of the burial-ground some time in silence. In truth, I was occupied by recollections of my friend Somerton, which came thronging on me as I stood by his grave. Though regret for the loss of him was selfish, I was guilty of it; for who could replace him? who possessed that rare union of qualities which ensure the tribute

of admiration, and almost reverence, without checking the gentler feelings of affection? No; I cannot deceive myself; during my Indian career I feel—how sadly!—‘I ne’er shall look upon his like again!’

“It is astonishing to me,” said Harry, at length, “that religion occupies so little of the attention of people who, considering the vast expenditure of human life in this climate, may emphatically be said to ‘live in the midst of death.’”

“People act on the mistaken notion that religion is a very gloomy thing, and that to meditate much on death saddens life,” replied I. “That such reflections have a tendency to check frivolity and destroy dissipation is certain; but *reason* will produce precisely the same effect, if her dictates are acted on. A rational cheerfulness not only is not inconsistent with piety, but absolutely a characteristic

feature of it. Who *can* have greater gladness of heart than he who is satisfied with every dispensation of God in this world, and who looks on death as the passage to unmingled felicity? Believe me, Harry, the Christian is the only really happy man, and I am persuaded no other principle than religion could have preserved the equanimity, the calm content, of Somerton's spirit, under the trials of his early life, and the terrible disappointments which excluded him for ever from a profession he loved, and bound him to one the most hostile to his feelings that can be imagined."

The eyes of my young cousin were bent pensively on the ground. I allowed him to indulge his meditations a few minutes, then taking him by the arm, "Come," said I, "we will now quit this place, only first notice yonder plain white slab, and as we walk home I will delight you with a short romance in

which he whom it commemorates bore a conspicuous part." He obeyed the direction of my hand, and singled out the simple monument to which it pointed. "In sober truth," said he, "I am somewhat overcome with the melancholy associations a burial-ground must naturally awaken, and I shall not be sorry to leave it. Let me hear the romance by all means."

"To begin, then," said I, as we passed through the gate into the road, and began to ascend the hill that leads into the cantonment;—"when old Colonel Mends's fair daughter Emma landed at Madras,—whether the old gentleman thought the market there overstocked, or whether he had already selected, in the secrecy of his own heart, the fortunate fellow who was to possess the damsel; or whether it was the mere result of caprice,—he brought her direct to this station, scarcely



showing her to a single individual at the Presidency.

“I cannot pretend to do justice to the lady’s charms by attempting any description. She certainly was as pretty a little fairy as ever helped to chase care from the heart of man, or laugh away the clouds from his brow. But beneath all her *naïveté* she possessed quite as much of that self-will, and amiable fixedness of purpose, as characterises the dear sex in general. Moreover, nothing could persuade her to view ‘men and things’ through her father’s spectacles, and they came to issue on many points of minor importance, in which she generally contrived to bear away the palm of victory. But it was a most serious grievance to the Colonel that she carried her *espièglerie* so far as to regard as a mere laughing-stock the man after his own heart, his well-beloved and most efficient Adjutant.

“ Now, if the Colonel felt annoyed at this levity of his only child, how much more sorely did it afflict the heart of Blackthorn,—so was the Adjutant called. Next to his appointment, and the staff-allowance thereunto appertaining, he esteemed the favour of his Colonel, and he shrewdly conjectured a marriage with his fair daughter afforded a very strong probability of securing it. Blackthorn possessed in an eminent degree that talent peculiar to the mean, and not always denied to the stupid, *cunning*, and without once openly addressing old Mends on the subject, he adroitly contrived, by means of hints and insinuations, to bring him to express a wish that a preference might arise between the youth and the damsel, that should eventually lead to a union on which he would bestow his benediction and a *dower*. Blackthorn, therefore, had indulged a hope almost amounting to certainty, that, very

shortly after the arrival of the gay Emma, he should be a thriving wooer, probably a husband. Judge then his dismay at the ridicule she poured on him, the irony with which she replied to his addresses, and the satire lavished on his military precision, his obsequious deference to his commandant, his evident selfishness, and above all the air of confident self-complacency which he had exhibited from the commencement of his acquaintance with herself. But, whatever might be the degree of his sufferings then, it was immeasurably increased when, in process of time, the pretty sinner began to manifest certain symptoms of pleasure in the society of Nugent, one of the senior subalterns of the regiment, which indicated a partiality she was too artless to conceal. Perhaps the first step towards it was the sympathetic dislike of both to poor Blackthorn, whose torments, to say the truth, were

numerous as those of St. Anthony in his cave. In process of time, however, judging that participation was diminution, he contrived to lessen them by sharing them with Colonel Mends. The first wise step the old gentleman took, and it was so petty a tyranny that the name of *Blackthorn* was legibly stamped upon it, was to remove Nugent from a flank to a centre company, the removal being the more disagreeable because Nugy had sported a splendid pair of new wings a very few weeks previously. Where do you think he sought consolation but in the sympathy of his fair ally? of which, sooth to say, she was most generous. Poor *Blackthorn*! even my hard heart occasionally compassionated him, when he was writhing beneath the biting sarcasms of his fair tormentor, rendered the more galling by the air of pretty playfulness with which she uttered them. Finding the expedient of harass-

ing Nugent so openly did not answer, the Adjutant took care to do it in a manner much less ostensible, by addressing sundry official remarks to him on parade, which seemed as they occurred almost matters of course, and of which Nugent could take no other notice than that which the sapient Adjutant had forgotten, confiding them to the willing ear of Emma, enriched with his own comments and illustrations. You may be sure that her treatment of Blackthorn was not a whit the more lenient for this, and, driven to desperation, the hapless swain contrived to suggest to Colonel Mends the praiseworthy expedient of forbidding Nugent the house.

“No remonstrance escaped the lovers, for lovers they certainly were. But, just at this juncture, *Emma* found it incumbent on her to be punctilious in returning the morning-calls of her female visitors, and really she always

found so many topics to discuss, that her travels seldom extended to more than one house daily, so that she was frequently absent three or four successive mornings. She constantly reported the lucky accident of her meeting Nugent, so that 'it seemed' she told the Colonel 'as if the fates were kinder than he,' and took care to afford her an opportunity of enjoying the society of the most agreeable man she had encountered during her sojourn in the East.' Moreover, at all balls, malgré frowns or remonstrances, she was more frequently the partner of Nugent than of any other officer, and it seemed that the whole cantonment was in the conspiracy, for they were invariably invited to the same dinner-parties, where he always found a vacant seat at her side. The Colonel grumbled, and, aided by his ally Blackthorn, a regular succession of *wigs* was showered in the orderly book on poor Nugent, who bore

‘ the pelting of the pitiless storm ’ with praiseworthy composure. Blackthorn’s cunning certainly availed him little in this instance, or he would have known enough of the heart of women to be aware, that he did but exasperate the dislike he was so anxious to subdue, and increase her partiality for his rival by adding to it the strong sentiment of indignation at the oppression under which he was suffering.

“ One fine morning,—such a morning as visits this part of the globe only in December—the fair Emma, clad in all the purity of virgin white, entered her palanquin immediately after breakfast, on a tour of visits, as had of late been her custom. The Colonel placed her safely in it, and gave her his parting injunction: ‘ I say, Emma, go any where in the world except to old Orme’s; I saw you gossiping with his impertinent wife last night, and Blackthorn tells me the fellow swears I am no



drill, and have never read Torrens. Don't go near him.' Emma nodded, smiled, kissed her hand, and the bearers trotted off.

"The dinner hour came and the fair one had not returned. Now if Colonel Mends held one thing in the world in utter abomination, it was meat *overdone*. The butler went to the gate of the compound, looked up the lines and down the lines,—in vain; there were no signs of the thoughtless delinquent. At length, in despair, the Colonel ordered the dinner to be served up without further delay. Alas! the pilau,—old Mends loved a pilau from his heart, and there is still an anecdote current of his devouring one in the native fashion, by helping himself with his hands,—the pilau was boiled beyond all possibility of recognition,—the rice watery,—the fowl rags,—one indescribable mixture of spice, water, flesh and grain, in proportions in which the water

seemed to bear a very unfair ascendancy,—the kid roasted to rags,—the cutlets dried to parchment,—and the curry,—his own particular dish,—a prawn curry,—made after a receipt he obtained with some interest, from the P's at Hyderabad,—black as charcoal,—dry as a bone,—and tasteless as a cinder. With a hopeless eye he gazed on his unsavoury meal, and vowed vengeance against the absentee, with whom lay 'the head and front' of the offence. At this juncture a billet, very neatly sealed and folded, was placed in his hands. He looked at the address; the fair flowing characters were not to be mistaken; it was the penmanship of the naughty Emma. With a growl, ominous of disapprobation of the contents, whatever might be their nature, he read what I shall repeat to you,—as I was myself gratified with a peep at it.

“ ‘ Dear papa, I am married to poor Nugent. Come and ask us to live with you, or we shall accept Orme’s invitation, which you would not like, as there is no doubt he *did* say you were no drill. Indeed, nothing but dire necessity would induce me to go to him, though you must allow his asking us is very kind, as he knows Nugent’s bungalow is a thorough subaltern’s, and much too small for a married man. Do not think me undutiful. Indeed I tried to like your Adjutant, but nature was against it. Dear papa,

‘ Your affectionate daughter,

‘ EMMA.’

‘ P.S. Do come and dine with us at Captain Kingbury’s, where we were married. There is an admirable dinner, and you always like their curries so much. It will be on the table at four, so do not be late.’

“The Colonel laid down the note. He looked first at his own ruined repast, now completely cold, and at the P.S. containing a promise of better things elsewhere,—one moment he remembered his despised authority, his rejected Adjutant; not, to be sure, that there was anything particularly objectionable in Nugent; he was a good officer, a little interest, excellent expectations; but then the total contempt of him the girl had evinced!—Again, the dinner,—‘his daughter and his ducats, his ducats and his daughter.’ Finally, the wants of the inner man prevailed. The bandy was ordered, and in a quarter of an hour, he had kissed his runaway, and shaken hands with her husband.

“‘How the devil did you manage to get the license?’ he asked.

“‘Simply by writing to the proper quarter at Madras,’ Nugent answered, but he did not add, that in that *proper quarter* he had a con-

fidential friend, and one who had no objection to such a trick's being played on old Mends, who was holden in no particular estimation. Nothing could have been better managed. The padre\* himself had been taken by surprise, and the only persons in the confidence of the young couple were Captain and Mrs. Kingbury. Kingbury had the tappal at that time, so that the necessary letters passing through his hands were safe, otherwise the arrival of the *ring*, under cover of a letter, might have betrayed them."

"And Blackthorn?" said my cousin.

"Oh, poor Blackthorn! he had been injudicious enough to vaunt very openly of his hopes and expectations, so that he had put himself in the way of the ridicule, which in India was not likely to be spared. Such an

\* Clergymen of whatever persuasion in India, are called familiarly by this designation.

event was of too rare occurrence to be soon forgotten, and when, a year afterwards, poor Blackthorn sickened of the fever peculiar to this climate, and died, some—not able to spare a joke even on the dead, affected to attribute it to the disappointment and mortification this event brought on him.”

“And Nugent and his wife——”

“Live with Colonel Mends, very much to the increase of his happiness and their own luxuries. We dine there to-morrow, and you will see the fair delinquent. Take care of yourself. Even to this day, many a man is fascinated by the witchery of one of the most lively little Graces it ever was your fortune to encounter.”

COUNTRY LIFE.

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“PUT yourselves in your palkees, and start for my house without loss of time,” wrote our friend Germain, from the head-quarters of the detachment which he commanded. “Here you will enjoy rural felicity in perfection, and may read Zimmermann in a situation the best in the world calculated to make you understand and appreciate him. If you are inclined to be studious, *here* you may study; to reflect, here is ample leisure for it; to learn satire by musing on the vices of your species, here are none to turn the current of your ideas



when you are 'i' the vein', by exhibiting it under a brighter aspect. Here is nature displayed in all her unpolluted majesty, untouched by the hand of man. All the varieties of 'hill and valley, fountain and fresh shade' are stretched out before you. You have not to complain of the tameness that characterises the scenery of England, parcelled out into diminutive fields and gardens. Here on one side a sea of land stretches itself out before you, in the shape of a boundless wilderness; on the other, hills covered with impenetrable forests, the lair of the tiger, and the nest of the serpent, present all the mysterious obscurity which constitutes the sublime. No petty rivulet glides in gentle murmurings through dainty meadows; a broad and gushing river expands to a width that numbers miles in its extent, being about to pour itself into the infinite bosom of the ocean. In a word, come, if it be but to enjoy the novelty of perfect repose, to

feel yourselves, for a little, shut out from the busy sphere of human existence. Come, and acquire fresh matter for speculation on the inexhaustible varieties of human existence. Amuse yourselves with fancying this the abode of a *Brummel*, studious of that subtle essence called fashion; with contrasting the untracked jungles around you with those haunts which you in former days have traversed, the remote regions of the *Park*, the *Mall*, and *St. James's*. Wander under the shade of the banian which overshadows acres, and recollect the piazzas of Regent Street. Gaze on the almost unendurable brightness of the atmosphere, and recall the dense and murky cloud which overhangs the distant cupola of *St. Paul's*. Inhale the fragrance of the orange trees, and sigh for the violets of *home*. In a word, if for no other earthly reason, come and cheer the companionless abode of your friend."

And, half in pity, half in the lurking desire

of trying a mode of life of which we had had no experience, we obeyed the summons of Germain, and prepared forthwith for our excursion.

It was the depth of the monsoon, and our road lay principally through *paddy fields*.\* These, of course, were completely inundated, and the progress of our palanquin-bearers was but slow, inasmuch as it was made principally by that species of motion which we call *wading*. Moreover, two or three nullahs,† which lay between us and our destination, had been swollen by the descent of the water from the adjacent hills, and threatened to be impassable. Our palanquins ascended from the shoulders to the heads of the bearers, before we found it possible to cross them, and the danger of the attempt rendered it by no means a contemptible adventure. We divided our journey into

\* Rice-grounds.

† A ravine filled with water.

two stages, making the first about sun-rise, the last about sun-set, and halting, during the day, in a bungalow erected by the Company for the accommodation of wayfarers like ourselves, and which we found in a state of thorough *disrepair*, and filth unutterable. There were doors that would not shut; windows, of course, guiltless of glass, being, in fact, window-places; roofs, exhibiting the interior of the thatch that lay outside, ceilings being out of the question; walls originally whitewashed, now grim with all sorts of abominations, and sometimes exhibiting evidence that occupants had sought their shelter who were ambitious of manifesting their skill in the occult science of calligraphy, by scribbling certain vile epigrams, that proved them more anxious to be amused than fastidious with regard to the manner. In short, brief as our stay was, it was sufficiently long to fill us with hearty gratitude, when the chaunt

of our bearers convinced us we were actually again on our travels.

The warmth of the reception which Germain gave us evinced the delight he felt at the interruption of his solitude. We could not afford to lose food for mirth, and we were delighted to hazard a jest on his undignified *want of philosophy*—(our language has few negative terms.) He bore our raillery not only with the politeness incumbent on him in his character of host, but with absolute good humour; although generally, he had the reputation of sharing with so many others the weakness of not enduring to be the subject of a jest. In fact, I fancied that he must have felt the horrors of loneliness in all their extent, before he could enjoy the mirth to which his touching solicitations for our presence had subjected him.

His bungalow was small and inconvenient, but he possessed a very good tent, which was

pitched in his compound to serve as his sleeping-apartment, the house affording only one chamber which was given up to us. When he first became its inmate, it had, he told us, exhibited undeniable evidence of the existence and industry of white ants, the walls being nearly perforated in some score of places. He had been at considerable pains in putting it in a state of thorough cleanliness and repair; the former being nearly as arduous an undertaking as the latter. To do Germain justice, he had done with it all that could be done, considering its want of *capabilities*. It really was not an uncomfortable abode for a bachelor, and might have passed off as a tolerably pretty country-cottage in England, to have served as a two months' residence in the early part of the shooting-season. On his first arrival, he said, during the heavy rains at the commencement of the monsoon, he had been nearly swamped

out; but a completely new tiled roof enabled him to rest in security, and to bid defiance to anything less violent than a deluge. The plantations around were so thick, that they harboured all manner of living things, and at night the bungalow was of course the rendezvous of their various tribes. The rats danced over the cloth ceiling with a persevering zeal that every moment threatened its demolition, and two or three scorpions, of the large black species, were slaughtered nightly. The cachu-nut trees seemed to put forth their branches merely to afford shelter to the innumerable flying foxes that *roosted* on them, and disturbed the rest of Germain by hurling the fruit incessantly on the fly of his tent, down which, of course, every nut rolled with no mean expedition. The flocks of mosquitoes were really terrific, unless one beheld them through the protecting transparency of curtains of China gauze, through



which they cannot penetrate. Bats visited us as regularly as the twilight, and it seemed to me scarcely possible that a man should feel solitary with so many and so various specimens of animated nature around him.

The society consisted of Germain's subaltern and his wife; the Judge of the zillah, *also* with a wife; the Collector, a widower; the sub-Collector, absent at this juncture, on leave, and the Doctor, a confirmed, not to say, *obstinate*, bachelor. The Judge and the Collector, we soon discovered, were living in most thorough hatred of each other, albeit consideration for their own comfort in this secluded station compelled them to conceal their real aversion under a flimsy veil of courtesy; consequently they benefited by each other's hospitality, and each was *exuberantly* delighted when he found his official colleague, if that name be permitted, the butt of any other person's satire or ridicule

There was one point on which they were constantly at issue, and it required all their self-command to prevent the disagreement of their opinions bringing them to open quarrel. The Judge was decidedly partial to the military portion of the Indian community, whereas the Collector hated it most devoutly. The zillah in question had one great advantage over zillahs generally; it was a thoroughfare, standing just on the high-road, and often enlivened by the passing of treasure detachments, and of officers going on leave from their regiments, or returning to them. The Judge was in the constant habit of reconnoitring from the veranda of his bungalow, which stood on an eminence, the plain on which strangers generally pitched their tents, and having ascertained their style and title, of inviting them to participate in the hospitalities of his board. Such conduct was a perpetual reproach to the

Collector, who never opened his doors to a single wayfarer, and it was so much the more galling, because it was impossible to reduce the grievance of which he complained to language. The Judge was very popular; and what can be more odious than the popularity of one's rival? However, self-love—that great cement of all federal institutions—had the beneficial effect of causing the peace to be kept in this instance; and so the Judge and the Collector lived as neighbours on terms of as amiable dislike as heart could desire.

It was my custom to enter my palanquin at least half an hour before sunrise, to enjoy the most refreshing period of the twenty-four hours. Being strange to the place, and somewhat weakly alarmed at the shelter the surrounding jungle afforded both to quadruped and biped depredators of every description, I suggested that Germain should be re-

quested to allow a sipahi under his command to run by the side of my vehicle, during my morning airing. Germain was extremely annoyed at being compelled to refuse a favour solicited by his guests, and more than ever disposed to be disgusted with the cause that so compelled him. "You know it is against the regulations," said he, "that a single sipahi should be employed on other than public business. If there were but a solitary chance of my transgressing with impunity, I should not hesitate; but unfortunately that chance has no existence. The Collector is indignant at my close intimacy with the Judge; and absolutely — *proh pudor!* lies in wait to entrap me into some delinquency. Nothing would afford him higher satisfaction than to detect me in employing public servants on private business; and I am, therefore, particularly anxious to defeat his charitable desires."

"But is *he* sinless in this respect?" was the natural question. "Having so many peons and seebundies\* at his immediate disposal, does he scrupulously confine their services to such public occasions as the Government contemplates in allowing them to exist?"

"By no means," returned Germain. "If you meet *his* palanquin, you will find two peons, decorated with all the paraphernalia of their office, keeping pace with the brisk trot of his bearers. His butler is a havildar of the Seebundies, rated as such on the Company's books, and of course drawing pay from the Government, greatly to the accumulation of the Collector's hoards. But these things, you know, are not provided against by any interdicting edict of Government, and probably never will be placed beyond the pale of a civilian's enjoyments. However, why should we be in-

\* Local troops attached to the civil service.

dignant? This is but a solitary illustration of a truth which we all know well enough in theory,—the unjust partiality which this Government in every instance displays towards its civil servants."

We had nothing to advance in contradiction of an assertion which we knew to be so firmly established by facts; so the palanquin was ordered, and the airing enjoyed, without any other guardian than the bearers. And happily the fears which had coveted farther protection were not justified by any accident in this particular instance.

As usual on the arrival of strangers, as soon as the calls prescribed by the etiquette of Indian society had been interchanged, we received an invitation to dine with Germain's ally, the Judge. We had, when it arrived, been nearly a week inmates in the house of our friend, and were by no means overpowered

with exuberant excitement. One day was so marvellously like another, that we had some difficulty in believing, on the returning Sunday, that six days had positively glided away drowsily since the last. Having once viewed the landscape from an adjacent eminence, our subsequent excursions were entirely to be placed to the account of health ; pleasure—the mere pleasure of seeing the face of the country—having neither part nor parcel in our thoughts. The compound was extensive, but abundantly tame, so that in twenty-four hours we had literally exhausted all the novelties of mere location, and were not unwilling to try even the hazardous experiment of eating our dinner at another man's table. The regiment had not long before quitted its former station, and Germain, according to the most approved practice in such cases, had sold off the greater portion of his books, to save the expense and



trouble of carriage, to say nothing of escaping by this means their probable destruction by their immersion on the march in some unavoidable river. In vain Germain inquired of the Judge, the Doctor, the Lieutenant, for the loan of a volume. Two or three volumes on Indian jurisprudence, two or three medical works, and the Asiatic Register and Army List, composed the aggregate libraries of the society of the station, the Collector alone excepted, whose assistance was not solicited in this mental famine, and who, if it had, being notoriously not a reading man, would, in all probability, have been unable to afford any. We had seen a pianoforte in the hall of the Judge during our morning-visit, and recollected to have heard sundry hints that his lady was musical. We were both passionately fond of music, and the probability of our partiality's being gratified, threw a very pleasurable hue

over our anticipations of the projected dinner at his house.

The day came,—the hour,—three o'clock,—an hour pregnant with importance to three persons who had sat regularly for the last eight or ten days opposite to each other, in precisely the same chair, and with exactly the same intelligence to communicate. We started in high spirits, and arrived in a mood of mind greatly in favour of our host and hostess, ready and willing to be pleased even with little things, and for our parts, to contribute as much to the joint stock of amusement as we possibly could. This amiable temper kept us in a flow of conversation during the hour that preceded the announcement of dinner, and we were so animated that we had not leisure to think for an instant in what our pleasure consisted, as is the case, probably, in nine tenths of the enjoyments of life. However, soon after the re-

moval of the soup, this most unfortunate season of leisure *did* occur. The Judge, the Doctor, the lieutenant, were absorbed by the interesting occupation in which we all were engaged, and had, in fact, arrived at the end of their several stores of ideas. The ladies of the first and the last gentlemen entered on a mutual lamentation over the delinquencies of the butcher and baker, the former absolutely refusing to kill *good* mutton at any price, and the latter furnishing sour bread,—sins that were to be imputed to the Collector, who refused to interfere in the matter, he being the only person whose interference could have availed one straw. With the fruit, hookahs were introduced, and the Judge and the Doctor betook themselves to the enjoyment of this oriental luxury with a vigour and emulation quite laudable. What with the soothing lullaby, and the overpowering fragrance, my senses were gradually be-

numbed into that state of torpor which is *sleep*, as far as regards the action of the intellect, whilst the bodily functions are perfectly active. Germain and his friend occasionally tried to set afloat some discussion relative to Indian politics, but, after a few monosyllables, extorted by great effort from the Judge and the Doctor, they were compelled to confine themselves to a duet, which at last altogether ceased from the want of a few *discords*. An early motion of retirement from table was received by *us* as a very sensible relief, and I began to be alive once more to cheering expectation. The piano greeted my desiring eyes on our entering the hall, which served as a drawing-room, and I did not long put any restraint on my impatience to hear its tones. But, alas! our hostess was inflexible to all my persuasion; "she had quite given up music, she really had not time for it now she was a mother; be-

sides, Mr. ——— thought it too noisy, especially in the afternoon when he always wanted to sleep; she wished she had not been silly enough to purchase a piano; it was all very well for girls, but really married women *could* find sufficient occupation without it; and indeed she very much doubted whether the instrument had a single note in tune, she had not opened it these three months, not since the commencement of the hot winds, and every body knew how liable the sounding-board was to crack in that season; I might, if I pleased, try it,"—and after half an hour's search for the key, I was regaled by the sight of the interior, a fine horizontal grand piano of Broadwood's, bearing the promise of every excellence that can delight the amateur. Alas, how like all the deceitful promises of life! The suspicions of our hostess were too well-founded. I attempted to extract a tune, but it was

impossible. Not a single note emitted the sound originally belonging to it. Bass and treble seemed almost to have changed places, and even I, the most persevering of *Pianists*, was obliged to relinquish the effort in despair.

It was a great relief when the various vehicles were ordered for the evening drive: in how many Indian entertainments has the custom of *this* interlude been indeed a refreshment and a recreation to the weary guests! It is something to feel again, in the free unfettered air, able to breathe and *reflect* at one's ease. And so all the variety anticipated in this re-union of the whole society of the place, the dignified Collector always excepted, had really been productive of nothing but disappointment! Yet it had carried its lesson with it, if we would but learn that one's own dullness at *home* is somewhat less wearisome than the dullness of strangers abroad.

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With abundant regret I found my palanquin gradually approximating to the abode of our host. I had no passable excuse at hand, or I would gladly have used it to be enabled to return home. There was, therefore, nothing left but to endure the infliction with patience, and to preserve my good humour by the reflection, that in a very short time this would be numbered with so many past evils, amongst the things that have been and are not.

The hall was well lighted; and the numerous wall-shades, in which burned the clear oil of the cocoa-nut, emitted a splendour that had really a very imposing effect. It animated even the Judge, the Lieutenant, and the Doctor, almost to liveliness. They were all alert in offering their assistance when I emerged from the recesses of my palanquin, and had quite as much to say on the fineness of the night, the coolness of the sea-breeze which had just set



in, and which was very perceptible even at the distance of our abode from the magnificent element, as Englishmen generally have on that important topic, the *dernier ressort* of conversation, the weather. We began to be very lively. The two ladies were engaged on a topic that is said never to fail in animating the female mind; they were discussing the demerits of such of their own sex as had belonged in turn to this garrison previously to the arrival of our regiment. Fortunately they were the common acquaintance of both ladies, and each, therefore, was able to contribute her quota to the discussion, to point out a flaw which might have escaped the penetration of the other, or reveal a lapse which might have eluded her vigilance. Bent on being very amiable, I hazarded a few general remarks, or ventured a more particular inquiry, with equal want of

success; what I said was obviously considered an interruption, was listened to with impatience, and served no other end than to heighten the zest with which my companions returned to their tête-a-tête. Foiled at this point, I turned my attention to the masculine part of the assemblage. Germain and his friend made sundry attempts at starting topics of general interest with as complete want of success as had attended my own efforts. The Judge had been a perfect Nimrod in his youth and manhood, and had only ceased to partake in field-sports after two or three warnings in the shape of compound fractures. He, therefore, was curious in the various races of hounds and horses, and able and willing to talk long and learnedly on these themes. The Doctor was a drowsy sort of person whose talent obviously lay in *listening*. As to the Lieutenant, every faculty of his mind, was imbued with a horror

of *malaria*; eating, walking, riding, this was the constant fiend that haunted his thoughts, and in vain his weary audience endeavoured to drive him from a theme which he pursued with that kind of fascination which impels persons constantly to turn their eyes towards an object particularly disagreeable to them. The garrison where the regiment was stationed consisted of a fort of tolerable extent, surrounded by a wall so old that it served as soil wherein weeds flourished in inauspicious abundance. That most prolific of vegetables, the prickly pear, covered it in rank luxuriance, and as the leaves decayed, they fell into the fosse generating *malaria* in no common degree, greatly to the prejudice of the officers whose bungalows, for the greater part, were built on the glacis. It must be allowed therefore, that the terrors of the Lieutenant had very substantial foundation. But he so mercilessly rang

changes on the theme, as to compel his hearers to contemplate every consequence, possible and impossible, of the evil. There was no escape from him if once you began to listen. Germain had already paid the penalty, and had considered it one of the duties of hospitality to warn his guests of the impending danger. Therefore he was silenced on the most approved principles of *stopping a bore* at the very commencement; and Germain and his friend gradually sank into a state of demi-somnolence until *cards* were proposed by the lady of the house. The whole party immediately surrounded the table, and were presently deep in the mysteries of that recondite round game, *speculation*. It is astonishing how completely every symptom of drowsiness disappeared beneath its influence. The chief aim of the players seemed to be to cheat successfully, and the detection of any of these attempts was sure

to be received with vehement peals of laughter from the two chief peculators, the ladies of the Judge and the Lieutenant. At length the temper of the latter gentleman began to yield to the inroads made on his purse, and his sharp rebukes of his conjugal partner producing as sharp retorts, we were just verging on that climax of horrors a violent matrimonial fracas in the presence of strangers. I therefore ventured to move an adjournment, and the appearance of the butler to announce supper seconded my motion very ably. To the hall therefore we proceeded, and the sight of the viands, that covered the table with more than hospitable abundance, proved a grand pacificator. We were presently inhaling the fumes of the mulligatawny, that standing feature in all \* Indian suppers, and exciting our half-satiated appe-

\* Applicable more particularly to the Madras Presidency.

tites with its piquant flavour. It produced a very striking effect on that of the Lieutenant, who, although he had so severely tasked his digestive powers at dinner, contrived to do equal honour to the present repast in about half the time employed by any other individual in that interesting occupation. However, like all other human pleasures, the bliss of eating must find its termination; and in process of time the ladies, with all the formality of *decorum*, left the table to their male friends, that they might duly *qualify themselves to forget* "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

My two companions seemed to have a world of intelligence to communicate, notwithstanding the lengthy discussion in which they had been occupied after dinner. I "nothing loth," seized the opportunity of retiring, and threw myself back in my palanquin in a disposition

to enjoy to the utmost, the luxury of being alone. It was a beautiful night, the sky inhabited by the young new moon and myriads of sparkling stars, the air deliciously cool, and the very chant of the bearers soothing. How I rejoiced in finding myself again seated in the veranda of Germain's house! the bungalow never before appeared so comfortable, nor the compound so picturesque, as in its dark masses of mysterious shadow this evening. Nothing renders solitude so delightful as escape from bad—that is, vulgar society.

“Allow,” said Germain, on his return, “that I am wise in subjecting myself occasionally to inflictions of this kind; they make me feel the value of my own house, isolated as it is, and I shall rise to-morrow morning with a feeling of enjoyment in the prospect of a day to myself.”



"*A day* to yourself!" said I; "well and good; but *a month* or *two*, *par exemple*?"

Germain smiled, "The evil is inevitable," replied he, "in our military service. There must be small detachments and small societies, sometimes *complete* solitude. Happy the Indian officer who is a thorough sportsman! For him the day is never dull, the place never too far in the jungle, the hours never wearisome, being all occupied in fatiguing himself, taking the necessary rest, eating, drinking, perchance smoking, and preparing for the next day's sport. For him who has not this resource, nothing is left but to learn a language."

"And you?"

"Oh I have betaken myself to Arabic, intending to qualify for an Oriental Professorship, should such a one ever be instituted. In a word, this is my *dernier ressort*; I have

few books, none new either in date or in matter ;  
I am no sportsman ; I am not a flute-player ;  
if it were not for the pursuit I have persuaded  
myself to enter on, how in the world could I  
endure that torpid state of existence which we  
call country life in India?"

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

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AFTER travelling the whole night by dāk\* *en route* to my regiment, I arrived at sun-rise at the bungalow of my friend Ponsonby of the 60th. I was too tired to converse beyond the exchange of a few enquiries as to health and promotion,—the points to which the attention of military men in India is most undeviatingly directed; so I swallowed a hasty breakfast, and threw myself on a couch. The blast of the first bugle for the mess roused me.

“You have slept well,” said Ponsonby.  
“Up and be doing, man; we have a grand

\* Posting in a palankeen.

dinner to-day, and you have just half-an-hour for beautifying."

I obeyed him with alacrity, for I was an old acquaintance of the officers of the 60th, and eager to meet them again. Old friends never greet each other with more warmth than in India, and nowhere is the pleasure of an unexpected *rencontre* more thoroughly enjoyed. I despatched my toilette with all possible expedition; but, on returning to the hall, I found that Ponsonby had already gone, leaving a message that I should follow him with all speed. I mounted my horse, for his dwelling was at some distance from the mess, and soon found myself at the scene of the expected revels.

As soon as the many and cordial "*welcomes*" were over, I had leisure to observe the general expression of gloom which characterised the countenances of the officers,—the more remark-

able, as the present meeting was, I thought, for a purpose specially convivial.

"I cannot understand what is the matter with you all," said I to Ponsorby. "One would think you were dressed for a funeral-party, instead of a public-day."

"Did I not tell you," said he, "that we are giving a dinner to Granby, previously to his leaving us to join the 57th?"

"Not a word of it! But how in the name of good fortune has it come to pass that he is to join the 57th at all?"

"His most sapient Excellency has so ordained. You have been a month in the jungle, out of the tappal-road, or you would not have been to be informed of the cause of this disastrous order, for so the whole regiment consider it. Granby has been tried by a court-martial, *honourably acquitted*, and then *punished* by despotic authority. The schoolmaster

has not reached our profession yet; but, *we bide our time*, as somebody's motto has it. I cannot be explanatory now; you shall know all this evening."

The guests had now arrived, and we were speedily seated at table. The occasion of the meeting was of course universally known, and it is not to be supposed that any less interesting topics occupied the attention for any considerable time. "Granby's court-martial" was the one theme on which every person was able and willing to speak. The charge on which he had been tried was, it appeared, of such a nature, that every officer acquainted with it had, during the progress of the trial, awaited the decision of the Court with intense anxiety, as on that decision hung so much of the comfort of military men generally. In fact it resolved itself into the single consideration, whether or not their domestic hearths were

sacred, whether they were to be permitted such a degree of independence as is expressed by the power of choosing their own private associates. The sentence pronounced by the Court had obtained universal approbation,—an approbation probably enhanced because its promulgation was accompanied by certain remarks emanating from the head-quarters of the army that outraged every feeling which, as Englishmen, they cherished. As this sentence and these remarks formed the general subject of animadversion, it may be presumed that much was uttered which, if severely criticised, might have been construed into treason against the powers that be. A few of the old field-officers present looked, to be sure, a little aghast at the unfettered license of tongue in which their younger comrades indulged; but they did not venture reproofs that were certain of being silenced by so vast



a majority. Granby, the hero of the day, said little, and that little was by no means of an exasperating tendency. The officer commanding the 60th was not present; his absence was by no means inexplicable, as I naturally concluded that the charges against Granby must in the first instance have been preferred by him; but I could not so easily account for that of one or two of the subalterns, who, five years previously, I recollected, had been the particular intimates of Granby. As Ponsonby's guest I was seated next to him, and I inquired of him where was Granby's old friend Stubbs? but I obtained no other reply than an exhortation that I would wait patiently until the evening, when I should be put in possession of papers which would explain to me every thing that, meanwhile, might appear "passing strange."

My part during the dinner was principally

that of listener, varied frequently by the necessity of replying to invitations to take wine or beer. I had ample leisure for observing the change which had taken place in the tone of conversation within the last few years. Officers are really beginning to express their thoughts; they venture to think even governors not quite infallible, and the Governor-general of India himself almost as accessible to censure as his Majesty of Great Britain. Things were not always thus; it is in the records of the last seven years, that an officer commanding a force ventured to animadvert in terms of severe reprehension on the language adopted at the mess-table of a regiment forming a constituent part of that force, as consisting of "presumptuous censures of the conduct of superiors." Alas, and are those goodly days of rigid discipline indeed gone to return no more? Cannot tyranny

unmask his stern and "horrent" brow without being pointed out for execration? is despotism *really* verging to its tomb? is it indeed lawful to call evil by its proper name, how imposing soever may be the garb in which it is clothed? Alas, then, for "thrones, dominations, prince-doms, and powers!"

Granby was to start early on the following morning; but it was hardly to be expected that the thought of the approaching separation would greatly check the hilarity of the last hours of the evening. In fact, in proportion as the toasts became more frequent, grief seemed to be swallowed up in indignation, which at length terminated in turning into ridicule the objects of it, until the laughter was both loud and long. Granby at length rose to retire, and pleaded his necessarily early rising in answer to the importunities which pressed him to remain. He succeeded ulti-

mately in effecting his escape, and accompanied Ponsonby and myself to the bungalow of the former. Arrived there he flung himself on a couch.

“Well,” said he, “a hard part of my punishment is over; it is something to have got through the parting with a set of men with whom I have lived during the last four years as a brother. What an outrageous exercise of authority it is, to punish a man for an offence, of the commission of which he has been fully and honourably acquitted by a jury of his peers!”

“*India is not England,*” returned Ponsonby, “which sentence gives a reason why things here are such as ‘are not dreamt of in our philosophy.’ But here is Z—— quite in the dark, regarding ‘all the perils we have passed’ within the last month; if you will allow me, I am anxious to enlighten him by means

of the papers you have consigned to my care. I suppose there can be no possible objection."

"None in the world; on the contrary, the greatest possible desire that 'the head and front of my offending' should be displayed to the whole world. And now, having done with business, let us for the last time enjoy an hour or two, such as, perhaps, I am hereafter only to wish for."

It may be conjectured that the documents alluded to were not many hours in my possession unperused. The following extracts from them will sufficiently explain the whole of an affair which produced considerable sensation at the time of its occurrence, and will probably cease to interest only when the truth is understood and acted on,—that even in military matters *strict discipline is never incompatible with inflexible justice.*

Boyle  
729

The charge on which Granby was arraigned, is as follows:—"For scandalous and infamous conduct, unbecoming the character of an officer and gentleman, in having (*date and place named here*) positively refused, in the presence of his commanding officer, to associate with Captain Edward Stubbs of the same regiment, and at the same time and place declined to state his reasons for such refusal; thereby unjustifiably attempting to vilify the character of a brother officer, and seeking to promote discord and evil feeling amongst the officers of the corps generally. The above being in breach of the articles of war."

Colonel Delamere, the officer commanding the 60th at the time in which the offence described in the arraignment is assumed to have occurred, and after the trial up to the present time, was, as appears on the face of the record, the single officer summoned in

support of the prosecution. The Deputy Judge Advocate General having declared in his address to the Court, that the prisoner had, in a written paper delivered to his commanding officer, positively refused to associate at present, or at any future time, with Captain Stubbs, and also to declare the reasons for such refusal, Colonel Delamere was duly sworn, and deposed as follows:—

Question.—“Is the paper before the Court, the hand-writing and signature of the prisoner, and did he hand it to you as such?”

Answer.—“The paper before the Court is the hand-writing and signature of the prisoner, and he did hand it to me as such.”

By the Prisoner.—“Did I not, on the particular occasion specified in the charge, say, ‘Colonel Delamere, you are perfectly well aware of my reasons for declining to associate with Captain Stubbs.’”



A.—“ I positively have no recollection of the remark. The prisoner may have said so.”

Q.—“ At the time specified in the charge, were you not aware of my reasons for having declined the acquaintance of Captain Stubbs ?”

A.—“ From general report I had an idea of Mr. Granby's reasons for refusing to associate with Captain Stubbs : I do not recollect, however, that I had any direct communication from himself on the subject.”

Q.—“ On the date specified in the charge, did you not give me full permission to decline stating my reasons for refusing to associate with Captain Stubbs ?”

A.—“ At a meeting of the officers of the 60th regiment, on the date specified in the charge, Mr. Granby and others handed to me certain papers, containing a complaint or complaints against Captain Stubbs ; and as the

officers generally had not associated with Captain Stubbs for some months past, I deemed it a good opportunity to inquire into Captain Stubbs's conduct generally, and therefore called upon the officers to state to me why they had not associated with Captain Stubbs during the period in question. On this occasion Mr. Granby said, he thought it hard he should be obliged to make known his private sentiments of any individual, and quoted the lines,

' I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell,' &c.

and requested permission to decline any explanation. Seeing that my requisition, if persisted in, would most likely lead to unpleasant results, I granted the request, and desired that he would state to me in writing his unwillingness to make his reasons known. This he did in the paper before the Court,

and it became necessary to refer the matter to head-quarters. The charge before the Court is part of the result."

Q.—"Did you not insist, that whether I gave my reasons or declined doing so, the same must be in writing?"

A.—"I directed the officers of the regiment to state whatever they had to say in writing, in order to have the whole under one view before me."

Q.—"To your knowledge was not Captain Stubbs aware, some months since, of my reasons for refusing to associate with him?"

A.—"I am aware that Captain Stubbs was acquainted with the supposed reasons of Lieutenant Granby, and also with those which actuated the other officers declining his acquaintance, as he applied to me to investigate the matter."

Q.—"Did you ever, previously to the date

specified in the charge, call on me to bring forward any charge against Captain Stubbs?"

A.—“ I cannot charge my recollection that I called upon Lieutenant Granby particularly. I have frequently expressed my surprise that those officers who disapproved of Captain Stubbs's conduct did not prefer a complaint against him.”

Such is nearly the whole evidence on the prosecution in this remarkable case. The following is an abstract of the defence.

“ MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

“ I believe it is usual for an officer placed in the situation in which I at present stand, previously to his entering on the particulars of his defence, to implore the patience of the Court, and their kindest and most liberal construction of what he may address to them.

In the present case, however, confident as I feel of the hearty sympathy of every individual, such an appeal would be useless. I shall therefore refrain from occupying the time of the Court by any extraneous matter, and proceed at once to such statements as will, I trust, place my conduct in such a light as will justify it in the view of every candid and impartial mind.

“It will be necessary, first, to call your particular attention to the nature of the charge on which I am arraigned. I am not charged with insubordination or disrespect to my commanding officer, but ‘with scandalous and infamous behaviour, unbecoming the character of an officer,’ *as being ungentlemanly*, and not *as being in breach of good order and military discipline*. It is therefore my intention to prove—and I feel confident I shall be able to do so to the entire satisfaction of the

Court,—that my conduct on the occasion in question was not such as to merit the epithets applied to it,—that it was not ‘of that decisively low, humiliating, and debasing kind, as to lay prostrate the honour of the gentleman in the degradation of the officer;’ for, says a celebrated military writer,\* ‘for such conduct, and such alone, should a charge of this nature be brought against an officer.’

“The facts from which ungentlemanly conduct is inferred, appear to be, first, the having refused to associate with a brother officer; and secondly, the having declined to state my reasons for such refusal. To these facts is appended a further charge of unjustifiably attempting to vilify the character of a brother officer, and seeking to promote discord and evil feeling amongst the officers of the corps generally. It is therefore incumbent on me

\* Hough, p. 496.

to adduce, in the first place, good and sufficient reasons for refusing to associate with Captain Stubbs,—next to justify my refusal to state those reasons on *that particular occasion*,—and thirdly, to show that the motives attributed to me, were not those by which I was really actuated, and that the actions themselves could not, by any possibility, produce the effect set forth in the charge. Without further preface, therefore, I shall state a few unvarnished facts, which I shall be careful to substantiate by evidence of the most unquestionable nature.

“ During an official investigation which took place about nine months previously to the date of the occurrence on which the charges now preferred against me are founded, I was on terms of intimacy with Captain Stubbs, and communicated to him much of the correspondence in which that investigation had



involved me. His professions of interest in the success of my views on this occasion were so earnest, and his cordial acquiescence in my plans, and approbation of my sentiments, so unequivocal, that I was induced to confide to him all the papers relative to the matter in question, and to discuss the propriety of almost every step I took in the affair. But in the face of all these confidential discussions, in contradiction to all he had advanced, and all he had hitherto believed, he gave a testimony before the tribunal assembled on the occasion, that went directly to impugn all that he had previously commended—to disavow all he had previously asserted. From my present situation, I am debarred from taking an oath; but I am sure, gentlemen, you will give due weight to the fact of my having been in attendance at the tribunal alluded to, for the purpose of giving evi-

dence to the truth of this statement, and you will admit that no person could then have challenged my declaration. Moreover, I shall prove that Captain Stubbs maintained opinions consonant to those he professed to entertain during my intimacy with him, to several other persons, by whom his society was shunned as soon as the evidence he had given was publicly known.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ When you have heard from my witnesses the extraordinary circumstances under which the paper sworn to by my commanding officer was obtained, I am persuaded you will not be disposed to attach any blame to my conduct, especially when you find that he received it without in any way remarking that it was of an improper nature ; that he offered to refrain from forwarding it to army headquarters, provided the officers would admit

Captain Stubbs into their society; and that he has since been on the same terms of intimacy with me as before. Moreover, although perfectly willing to appear as a witness, I dreaded taking upon me the deep responsibility which, by becoming the accuser, I must incur; and the fact of Colonel Delamere, as admitted in his evidence, having been already aware of the reasons which he now, in so sudden a manner, desired me to furnish in writing, made me more particularly anxious to avoid committing to paper charges which, if not substantiated, might be made to recoil on my own head. I had yet another and a very strong motive for withholding the declaration of my reasons for not associating with Captain Stubbs, and this was the length of time which he personally had suffered to elapse without coming forward to clear his character of the imputations cast on it,—that

he even allowed this to be attempted by another, and that in his absence ! Gentlemen, you all know that amongst men of honour, that man who does not boldly vindicate his character the moment he knows it to be aspersed, if he neglects this important duty—not nine months, not nine weeks, not nine days,—I might almost say nine hours—you all know, that, as an unavoidable consequence, he will be shut out from society. But what was Captain Stubbs's conduct in this case ? Did he demand the reasons of their proceeding from those who shunned him ? I answer, no, Gentlemen ! The charge against him was not made in a corner ; secret slander was not covertly insinuated against him ! No ! the allegation was read publicly ; the accusation was on record ; every mouth spoke of it ; Captain Stubbs was aware of it, and he was silent ! Is, then,

explanation due to a man who asks none? Who suffers himself to be thus publicly branded! who for nine months withers beneath the scorn and the stigma, and is at length reluctantly dragged forward by the strong hand of authority! Had Captain Stubbs called for explanation within any reasonable time, I would have given it; and had he even at this the eleventh hour stepped forward *himself* to demand it, I might have complied. I *might* ask, how comes it that, being so intimately concerned in the issue of this trial, he has not been produced in this Court? I could tell you why, but after the character I have drawn of him, I need not.

“I appeal to you, therefore, Gentlemen, whether a refusal of explanation to Captain Stubbs would not, under these circumstances, have been justifiable? But I assert, that on

the occasion alluded to in the charge, I did *not* decline giving my reasons for rejecting his acquaintance; on the contrary, my remark to Colonel Delamere, as I shall prove, was precisely this,—‘ You are perfectly well aware of my reasons,’ which was fully equivalent to a verbal declaration of them. What I declined was, the giving of them *in writing*; as you must perceive that it would, in fact, have been absurd to have declined giving a verbal statement of reasons with which Colonel Delamere was already thoroughly acquainted, as he has himself admitted on his evidence; of which knowledge, moreover, every officer of the regiment had for the last nine months been in possession. I repeat, and the document before the Court will prove the assertion, that I declined stating my reasons *in writing*. And, Gentlemen, when you consider that this paper which I was called upon to

furnish at a moment's warning, was to be transmitted for the consideration of the highest military and legal authorities, can you, I ask, with the fact before your eyes, that my commanding officer actually granted me permission to decline stating my reasons, (I refer you to his cross-examination,) can you, I say, consider my conduct in that particular to be of such 'a decisively low, humiliating, and debasing kind, as to lay prostrate the honour of the gentleman in the degradation of the officer?'

"Gentlemen, having thus rebutted, I trust in the most satisfactory manner, the first two heads of the charge, I feel that I might, in the complete assurance of a full and honourable acquittal, here close my defence. But as there is still a grave accusation against me, of being actuated by the worst possible motives, I feel it incumbent on me to show



the Court, that the motives so attributed could not be my real ones; and that the acts themselves could not, by any possibility, have had the effect it is asserted I intended they should have. If it had been my wish to vilify the character of Captain Stubbs, should I not, when ordered by my commanding officer to give my reasons for ceasing to associate with him, have gladly embraced the opportunity of stating them to be such as I have already declared to this Court, viz:—that I believed him to have been guilty of breach of promise and falsehood; to have been guilty of giving evidence before a Court of Inquiry, directly the reverse of opinions he had expressed and maintained elsewhere; to have been guilty of the grossest dereliction of the duty he owed himself and his profession as an officer and a gentleman, in allowing himself to be excluded simultaneously from the

society of his brother officers, without taking the slightest notice of their conduct, either privately or publicly;—if, Gentlemen, I had done this, I might have been obnoxious to the charge of attempting to vilify,—whether unjustifiably or not, I shall, after the evidence I am about to produce, leave this honourable Court to judge. How I could by my silence have ‘debased or defamed’ Captain Stubbs, I am at a loss to conceive; but if any individual member of this Court should think my conduct had such a tendency, I beg he will remember the unfortunate position in which I was placed; the passage between Scylla and Charybdis was a jest in comparison; the unhappy Ulysses had at least a middle channel open to him, however narrow and difficult of navigation; but no middle path was left to me. My commanding officer called upon me, either to state *in writing* my

reasons for refusing to associate with Captain Stubbs, or to declare, *in writing*, that I refused to state them. Had I agreed to the former requisition, must I not have vilified his character? and you perceive I am now charged with vilifying it, because I adopted the latter alternative. I am wrong; there *was* a middle course; I might have treated the question as impertinent, and have taken no notice of it. If it had come from any other than my commanding officer, I probably should have done so; but in my case the 'in medio tutissimus' would have been any thing but applicable, as I must inevitably have been dismissed the service, for disobedience to the positive orders of my commanding officer. Gentlemen, was it fair to place me in such a situation? Can anything justify such a measure? I have every respect for my commandant, and regret being under the

necessity of making a single remark that may, in the slightest degree, impeach his conduct ; but self-preservation has wrung this much from me, and the truth of all I have asserted, is on record.

“ In another point of view, any attempt of mine to vilify Captain Stubbs must have been perfectly absurd, and totally unsuccessful. At the time specified in the charge, his character already stood so low in the estimation of his brother officers, that to depress it more was impossible. I do not except even Colonel Delamere himself; for in discussing the position in which Captain Stubbs stood with regard to the regiment generally, he appealed to me and Lieutenant Henley, as will be shown by the evidence of that gentleman, not to ruin Captain Stubbs by agitating the business ; and on a subsequent occasion, when an open and direct attack was made on Captain Stubbs's

character, on the face of a mess-document, he positively forbade all discussion or animadversion on his conduct. Every officer of the regiment knew that Captain Stubbs had given suspicious, not to say *false* evidence, and had *therefore* refused to associate with him. All knew that he had allowed his character to be assailed without demanding explanation, or seeking redress. I ask, was it possible I could lower in their eyes the man whom they believed to have acted in such a way on so many different occasions? The idea is ridiculous.

“ With regard to the remaining part of the charge, wherein I am accused of seeking to promote discord and evil feeling amongst the officers of the corps generally, I feel assured that the ample proof which I shall adduce, of the perfect honour, integrity, and uprightness with which I have acted through the

whole of these transactions, will render it unnecessary for me to enter into any elaborate defence: I shall therefore simply remark, that concord and good feeling amongst the officers of the 60th regiment generally, are established on too firm a basis to be shaken by my puny efforts, were I ever so much inclined to make the attempt; and that I am too firmly attached to the regiment and to the officers in general who compose it, ever wilfully to aim at disturbing the perfect harmony that has for so many years prevailed in it.

“Gentlemen, as the charge assumes that it is not only ungentlemanly, but also scandalous and infamous, for an officer to choose his own private associates, and to refuse stating officially the manner in which he exercises his judgment in the choice of them, I have thought it expedient, lest any member of this Court should entertain a similar opinion, to

show you that Captain Stubbs's character was so impeached, that no person who had any regard for his own fair fame, *could* associate with him; and that at the time my reasons for refusing his acquaintance were demanded, I could not with any propriety have given them. But I do not mean to rest my defence solely upon these points. With all due respect for this Court, I will venture to maintain and to show, that the privilege of choosing his own society has always been allowed to an officer.

“ Various instances may be adduced—some recent ones—in support of this argument; but the following extract from a public letter, addressed to this army by one of the most accomplished noblemen who ever swayed the destinies of this vast empire, settles the point beyond dispute. ‘ You will therefore be pleased to give the most explicit



caution upon the subject, to the officers serving under this Presidency, by calling to their recollection, that although military officers are, in common with other gentlemen, at liberty to make their own choice of their companies for private society, and may prefer charges, if they think proper, against an officer for improper conduct, yet they cannot refuse to do *public* duty with an officer who is not under some legal and known disqualifications to exercise the rights and privileges of his rank, without exposing themselves to the penalties which must follow so evident and direct a breach of the articles of war.

“And here, gentlemen, in full confidence that you will, by your verdict restore me to my regiment with an untarnished character, and at the same time clearly establish a point of such vital importance to the credit, comfort, and respectability of the army at large, as that

an officer has the right of choosing his own private associates, I close my defence."

\* \* \* \* \*

After the delivery of the defence, the evidence of six officers is called to corroborate it, who substantiate every fact and every assertion contained in it. The ultimate sentence of the Court runs as follows :—

"The Court having most maturely weighed and considered the evidence in support of the prosecution, as well as what the prisoner Lieutenant Ferdinand Granby has urged in his defence, and the evidence in support thereof, is of opinion :

"THAT THE PRISONER IS NOT GUILTY OF THE CHARGE, AND IT DOT HONORABLY ACQUIT HIM OF THE SAME."

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"And on what pretext," said I to Ponsonby on arriving at this conclusion of the documents

submitted to my perusal, "on what pretext is Granby after a trial so minute in its details as this, a defence so fully exculpatory of any accusation against him, either direct or implied, and a mass of the most unimpeachable evidence corroborating every explanation and every statement contained in that defence, driven from his own regiment where he is amongst friends, to another, at a far distant station, the officers of which are strangers to him and his character, and must necessarily, from the circumstances under which they first become acquainted with him, receive him with a reservation greatly to his prejudice?"

"The pretext," replied Ponsonby, "is one of those flimsy veils with which arbitrary power occasionally endeavours to cover its despotic proceedings. The whole affair of the prosecution was evidently got up to support *despotic authority*, which, whether exerting its

terrible power over a nation or a single regiment, is equally subversive of every liberty which man inherits as a birthright, or enjoys by the improvements of civilization."

"Here at least," said I, "is a notable instance of the necessity of revising military law: would it be tolerated in a civil court in England, that after a jury of his peers has pronounced the arraigned party innocent of every accusation preferred against him, the Judge should say, 'the Jury have not done their duty, and as you have escaped capital punishment by that means, I, in my proper person, condemn you to transportation for seven years?' Either a court-martial, composed of gentlemen and *presumed* men of honour, is a competent tribunal, or not; if competent, ought a Commander-in-chief, remote from the scene of the transaction, and of course incompetent to judge of what is

almost as valid as the evidence itself, *the manner in which it is given*, virtually to reverse its decision by punishing, at his own discretion, a party that Court has pronounced innocent? If it be incompetent, for Heaven's sake let the system be abolished altogether, and the sole power of judgment be vested in the officer who, in this instance, has arrogated to himself the power of inflicting a penalty so directly impugning the integrity, and reversing the sentence, of the Court."

"The schoolmaster will reach us *in time*, but in the mean while Granby's departure is imperative," said Ponsonby. "There is nothing left for it but, as I said to you this morning, to *bide our time*."



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